

CAVALCADE



JULY 1954

**FIFTY FAIR
WOMEN**

THE AVENGING SNAPSHOT



For Quality Suits
Crusader
Cloth MEASUREMENTS
 NEVER TO
 FAD OR SHRINK



Cavalcade

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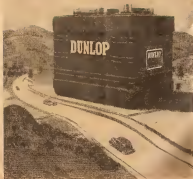
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DUNLOP BATTERIES

for
MAXIMUM POWER



DAVID L. BROWN



FIFTY FAIR WOMEN

Men come, in town with their golf, and girls are waiting for them.

[I was nearing Christmas time. One would rather have reached the goldfield before, or after, but ships didn't keep time, and planes were not much help.]

I had seen a goldfield before, one that was widely scattered over miles of tropical jungle with a few daredevil prospectors working not very profitable claims.

There had been no women there, and nobody seemed to be distressed by the fact. When the miners wanted female society, they took a few youths off from their claims, and transferred to Sydney or Melbourne, returning happy but broke.

I was a respectable middle-aged lady, and they received me politely,

asked me to lunch a few times, offered me whiskey which I didn't want, and one or two amusing suggestions, which, for reasons purely personal, I declined with thanks. Salubrious, strange, remote from the world—that was my impression of a goldfield.

But the goldfield I stand years later, some days before the Christmas celebrations, was amazingly different. You could reach it in that new day of air travel without danger, although not without a good deal of inconvenience.

When you arrived, you went to the one "hotel," and asked for a room.

The proprietress, whom formerly

study I had met before, didn't receive me gladly, but she did find me a man of sorts, and mad she hoped I wasn't going to stay very long. The place would be "busy" soon. That was an understatement.

From the week before Christmas, the rain began to "come in." And ready to meet them came, from all points of the compass, "the Girls."

By the time that the season of peace and goodwill had dimmed, there were about fifty. Every corner of the hotel was filled, the bar fancied every day long and night long, and the few scattered songs that had entered in the festival became a constantly roaring chorus.

The music sang cheerfully, moodily old ball songs or ordinary melodies, somewhat jarringly up to date. "The Girls" didn't sing. Some of them had sung on stage and concert platform, but all knew just how best to please their patrons—that knowledge was their stock-in-trade—and they were known that man, unaccompanied, and well let, likes to do his own singing.

"The Girls" can't have heard this Christmas bellowing; many of them could have crinkled the Venetian, under the same circumstances; but they smiled and praised. They knew their job . . .

They were never tired. They never interrupted. They were always sympathetic, always eager to take the part of the speaker, whoever he might be. They didn't mind a man being drunk, nor did they tell him to go and shove himself before they'd speak to him.

They spoke in soft tones, and smoothed the self-esteem of their companions all the better fairly pur-

ed. They were the essence of everything feminine, from the toes of their small, costly shoes to the top of their exquisitely dressed heads. To men fresh from months of the jungle, with only wild swains for company, they were heaven.

It was a wonderful show of fashion done in that remote pub, with the overflowing bush pushing up to the edges of the verandah. "The Girls" had armed themselves with all the latest from Australia and Pacific silks and velvets, gold and silver trimming, embroidery, costly cut and choose designs.

That year, almost everyone was wearing backless dresses, but most of the Girls had chosen modest little frocks that pleased rather by what they concealed, than what they displayed.

Now the pace began to increase, there was dancing to the wireless, not much wilder than one might see in some Palais de Danse down South, but nevertheless unorthodox. There was singing that degenerated into a one of half a hundred men scarcely able to stand, accompanied by feminine shrieks.

I found my room a refuge; the native boys brought food. There was no chance of sleep that night.

It was late or early, I don't know which, when there came a suddenly audible knocking at my door. I took no notice. The door was locked, and no one had any right to disturb me. But came again and with it a woman's voice—"Let me in. Oh, let me in!"

There was something desperate in the sound. I answered, speaking close, so that I could be heard above the murmur outside. "Who is it?"

"What do you want at this late hour?"

No answer, just the knocking, harder and more desperate, and something like crying, that followed.

"Who are you?" I asked, somewhat foolishly, since I did not know anyone's names.

The woman, whoever she was, did not answer that. She shook the handle of the door. "Oh, let me in!" she called again.

I unlocked the door, and mutely, from the lights and the roaring sounds and the reek of drink outside, a slim shivering figure burst into the darkened room, and slammed the door behind her. She looked it almost as she entered, and shut the bolt as well.

It was too dark for me to see what she was like. She was pointing as if she had run a mile, and hardly keeping back her sob. She flung herself on the second bed of the room, which had been stripped of all but the mattress, and lay there like a corpse, unmoving and silent.

Later in the night there was a violent attack on the door, and a name that I could not distinguish was

shouted, together with kicks and blows.

There was a low dispute presently outside the door, and some incoherence. Sénié followed.

The woman did not move or speak. The topic down was not yet due. I tried to sleep, in the comparative quiet that had fallen on the house. By and by, I woke. It was half light, and the room was empty of anyone but myself.

I never knew who the refugee had been, or what was her desperate need. She left no story behind her, and no trace save a breath of sweat and powerful scent.

In the morning I asked the management to find me transport of some kind. I did not fancy another day or night in the "hotel," to which I had been obliged to come by the absence of all shelter elsewhere.

After a day of difficult walking, I reached a shack owned by a mining company, and found rough shakos there. The rest has no interest. But my experience among fifty bar women is something unforgettable and something that won't happen again.





JAMES HOLLIDGE

The anatomy student was enjoying his meal when he suddenly felt the table-

THIS Paredisi Restaurant in the little city of Boscoville in Romania was crowded with stricken persons at luncheon on 28th April, 1936. Ivancho Anghelescu the proprietor had a reputation among the local factory workers for good, tasty food at cheap prices.

He had made money by doing his own cooking, and only employed a waiter, waitress, kitchen-hand, and sometimes an assistant cook. As he looked out from the kitchen at the crowded tables, one of his regular customers saw him and raised his glass of cheap, red wine in a toast.

"Here's to you, Ivancho. The best cook in Boscoville. This soup is even better than usual. What have you done to give it such an appetizing flavour?"

The pleased Anghelescu smiled at

the compliment and turned back into the kitchen. At that moment a newcomer, a young man with a commercial traveller's bag in his hand, entered the restaurant and sat down at a corner table.

Gregory Cusani was a steady, unhappy fellow, who earned his living by peddling women's underclothing round the countryside. A few years before he had been a brilliant medical student in Bucharest, but he had been forced to quit his studies when the depression ruined his father's business.

He ordered a bottle of catnair, a thick, greenish, local wine, and a plate of mutton bones from the pretty, little waitress, Helena Maria Cusani, however, had no eyes for his beauty. His mind wandered back to his happier student days.

From his steaming plate he picked out a rib of lamb's tail and meditatively sucked. Then he placed it on his side plate as he remembered his anatomy lessons.

"Let me see," he mused. "How many vertebrae are there in the human spine?"

Suddenly he sat up, snapped out of his reverie by what he saw in the lamb bone on his plate.

"Why," he murmured to himself, "that looks more like a human bone, a phalanx, than the vertebra of a lamb's tail!"

Picking up the bone he turned it over in his hand. Then with his fork he fished out several more bones from his plate.

There was no doubt about it. The skeleton of a human finger could be easily distinguished.

Suddenly, with a feeling of horror and revulsion, he realised what he had done.

"These are human finger bones!" he exclaimed. "I have eaten human flesh!"

Shudderingly he picked up the bones on his handkerchief, and pushed his plate away. He had to get out of this place and to the police.

He looked around him at the hungry labourers, stuffing their mouths with mutton-mulling food. Had he gone mad, or had he walked into a den of cannibals?

Jumping up he rushed to the counter, threw some money down, and slipped out into the street. What a relief to be out in the clean air again! He felt as if he had been released from some foul pit.

The chief of the local police, Comissar Dubaja, turned to Cusani's

story incredulously. Was this an escaped madman who had walked into his office?

"I can see you don't believe me," said the former medical student. "Well, here is the proof!"

He snatched the bones out of his handkerchief and so to the desk. Arrived now, Dubaja summoned the chief medical officer, Dr. Paul Svetits.

"Doctor, can you tell me what these are?" he asked, pointing to the ray bones on the table.

"Why, these are the phalanges of a human finger. The third finger, I'd say."

The police chief waited no time after this. He hurried with the doctor and other officers across the town to the Paredisi Restaurant.

Straight into the kitchen they marched, and found fat, swarthy Anghelescu grilling a slice of liver and a steak.

Dr. Svetits told him they were Public Health Officers, and desired to see if the meat had been cooked with the regulations.

Shrugging his shoulders, the cafe owner pointed out the stove, and the doctor smiled. He carefully examined a raw kidney and a piece of liver. Coming out, he nodded to the chef, who went up to Anghelescu, still busily cooking.

"Where do you buy your meat?" he demanded.

"In the town market, generally, but to-day I bought some fresh veal and mutton from a peasant farmer from the hills. They were cheaper than the market."

Telling his men to clear the customers out and shut the shop, Dubaja had the doctor thoroughly examine all the meat in the kitchen. As they

JOAN CRAWFORD says: I am an adopted mother.

My four are Chinese—Lulu, Christopher—four, and Cynthia and Cathy, who are babies. Before long life is through I hope there are six more in our house.

Two funny loop that have become true immediately. One is that kids demand room for growing. Cynthia and Cathy pushed Chinese and Christopher out of the nursery. They alternate now, these older two, between my only space between and sharing my sleeping porch. So the other six must wait a bit until we can add water to the house, or something. I am now experiencing that familiar maternal pinch. Children are a costly investment, but an investment that pays the highest interest in the world—I have PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine.

feared it had come from a human body.

When told, Angheleff was stupefied.

"But how can it be?" he cried again. "I bought it from the peasant—it looked like mutton."

They eventually got a description of the peasant out of him. He was a little, short man with a black beard, who often came around the shops selling meat.

The staff was then interrogated. The waitress, Helma, and the kitchen-maid denied all knowledge of the meat. The assistant cook and the nurse. It had looked like mutton to him, although some of it seemed to have a peculiar smell.

Then it was discovered that the waiter was missing. Henze was his name, and he had apparently walked out with the carcass.

A general alarm was issued to all police to pick up both the missing waiter and the peasant who had supplied the meat. The police theory was that Henze was the murderer, who had cut up his victim and dis-

posed of the pieces to the peasant, with instructions to sell them to Angheleff, so that he himself could watch, and be sure of their final disposal.

In a few days a peasant who fitted Angheleff's description, was picked up in the neighboring village of Saxana. He was a travelling meat-vendor and often visited Bensheim.

Dabija hurried to the village but was confronted with an iron-clad alibi. The man was sick in bed in his home, and had witnesses to prove it, on the day he had allegedly sold the human flesh.

The detective was surprised. This was undoubtedly the man Angheleff had described for no other headed peasant ever sold meat at Bensheim.

Trying to puzzle this out, Chief Dabija returned to his office, to be greeted with the news that the waiter Henze had been captured. He had been hiding in a room at a local hotel.

Under intensive questioning, however, he insisted he knew nothing

about the human meat. He had run away, certainly, but that was because he was frightened of the police as he had been stealing from Angheleff's cash register.

The doctor had determined that the flesh had come from a middle-aged woman. Men were sent to check Henze's home-life, as one of any of his women friends were missing.

In the back room of the shop detectives found some women's clothes. Angheleff admitted they belonged to his wife who had left him a few days before.

Dabija jumped on this news like a leashed terrier. He confronted the frightened man with the fact that both the peasant and Henze the waiter had cleared themselves.

"I didn't kill him," Angheleff wailed. "She went away I told you." "How did you do it, Angheleff?" "I didn't. I didn't. You can't prove anything on me."

This was strictly true. Dabija's evidence was too flimsy to convince a jury at a murder trial.

Then the investigators had a stroke of luck. Under a piece of marring on the bedroom floor was a huge bloodstain. Also in the backyard, was found the charred remains of a burnt mattress.

The fat prisoner broke down and wept. "All right, I did it. Now are you satisfied?"

In his confession he stated his wife was always nagging him. Unable to stand it any longer, he had smothered her over the head with an axe.

He had thought that cooking up the body and roasting it was the best method of disposal. The parts that couldn't be cooked, the hair, finger-

nails, and so on, he had burned and thrown in the garbage can.

"The next day," he concluded, "I opened for business as usual, and tried to forget the horrible thing I had done. I did my best to dispose of the human meat quickly, but it took a long time. If I had only had a few more hours—"

Appalled at the story of this incredible butcher, the jury at his trial did not take long to find him guilty. There was no death penalty in Bensheim at the time, so he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the dreaded Doffers Prison in the Germanian Mountains, where he remains to this day.



The little boy snake-bite doesn't matter to certain people. A sect runs a risk.

ANTHONY STRONG



THE SHRINE BUILT WITH Snakes

GEORGE HENLEY is a small, elderly man whose eyes, set above a face that is almost invariably covered with a stubble of beard, gleam with the light of a fanatic. Like his neighbors of Painesville, Kentucky, he is semi-illiterate, lives frugally in a small shack, and gets his living by working in the coal mines dug in the hills that surround his home.

But among his neighbors, Henley is regarded with more veneration, for as a member of the Holiness Faith Healers, he has proved his faith by allowing himself to be bitten by no less than 250 snakes—and has recovered from all of the bites without resorting to medical aid.

Had he sought the assistance of a doctor, he would no longer be a member of the cult, because healing must come from faith alone. As he says: "If I am bitten, it is better that I die trusting the Lord than to sin by asking the devil to send a doctor. The serpent is the devil—and how am I going to conquer the devil if I can't conquer a little snake?"

He will support his words by referring you to the Biblical promise upon which the cult is founded:

"They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; They shall lay hands upon the sick, they shall recover." (Mt Mark 16:18.)

To Henley, as to the other ones of thousands of Holiness Faith Healers, snakes are regarded with religious awe. To overcome their bias is to banish the devil, to succumb to them proof that the bitten person has not the strength nor the will to resist temptation. Most of the snakes which have sunk their fangs into Henley were copperheads and rattlesnakes—snakes which, according to a well-known herpetologist, Dr. R. Allan, will produce death in only one per cent and five per cent of cases respectively, provided the victim seeks quick medical assistance.

Henley, of course, refuses medical aid, but it is possible that having survived the first few snake bites, he has developed an immunity towards copperheads and rattles. Other cultists have not been so lucky or immune—or they have lacked Henley's faith, for in eight years, at least 15 deaths by snake bite have been recorded among Holiness Faith Healers.

Presumably, they will recall the case of Luther Morrow, of the Grandfather Community of Tennessee, who deliberately allowed a rattler to bite him without ill-effect; that is, to Morrow, the snake, however, died within an hour.

One of the factors contributing to immunity, say herpetologists, is that the highly nervous of Holiness Faith Healers are also the location of alien sills in which potent toxic liquors is distilled. In addition, the fanaticism of the cultists, manifesting itself in excitement, hysteria and hypnosis, help them to overcome bites.

The cult came into being in 1930, when an itinerant evangelist, K. D. Browning, gathered a few believers

around him on Pine Mountain, Kentucky, then the main center of the faithful. Browning found his inspiration in the Biblical quotations:

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and all over the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you" (Luke 10:19) and "For, behold, I will send serpents, scorpions among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you." (Jeremiah 4:17.)

To the illiterate, superstitious Kentuckians of the hills—many of these descendants of Scotch-Irish colonial immigrants, the Biblical promises of immunity from snake bite—and the quotations of Kentucky abound in snakes—was sufficient encouragement to join the cult. Soon, the gospel was being preached in the hill-billy corners of Tennessee and Virginia, whose inhabitants were just as ready to follow the lead given by wild-tongued and eyed evangelists. Virginians, so unschooled in academic subjects as their fellows in the neighboring States, were good potential cultists, and in 1937, headquarters of the Holiness Faith Healers was moved to Seely Creek, a remote town in that State.

Then, twice each month, the believers gather at the Shrine of Divine Healing—or so it is known to outsiders, the Church of the Snake Healers—in order to reaffirm their party. Thousands of cultists, carrying lanterns to light their way, struggle along narrow paths, armed with baskets of food to sustain them through the day-long and night-long meeting.

Regius then an orgy of emotionalism that may continue for 24 hours.

SONS OF THE HAEP.

Her eyes were the blue of the heavens.
Her hair the color of corn,
Her voice had the lift of the skylark
That sings on a fine summer's morn.
They met—He called her angel,
And she replied in kind
They entered holy wedlock,
Their fate for ever entwined.

She was, he said, his angel,
For who was he to carp,
When she flew so often in the eve,
And boy! How she could harp.

—WGD

Under the spell of the Elders, about whose necks writhed deadly snakes, the believers began to clasp symbols, clasp dyabolically, and when they have passed the stage of vocal malignity, to utter gibberish and to stamp in primitive dances—an effect that has caused more than one spectator to remark that Holiness Faith Healers and jumbies possess a lot in common. Meanwhile, venomous snakes are passed from hand to hand and hung-around necks.

Children do not always take easily to the rite, and screaming babies are often forced to handle copperheads and rattles against their will. Last year, when 13-year-old Kentucky girl, Fay Nolan, panicked and was bitten, she was frazzled away by her parents for a month and, with her right arm paralyzed, she was again taken to a meeting and ordered to prove her faith.

But in spite of the Biblical promises, Fay's nerves failed, and she collapsed. Then, before 6000 cultists, a 10-year-old girl indicated her contempt for Fay by dancing around the circle with a mass of snakes coiling her body.

While the handling of snakes is the basis of the religion, many Holiness Faith Healers, far gone in hysteria, take part in the "Bath of Fire"—a rite in which bodies are held across a flaming torch that has a hundredfold soaked in kerosene for a week. To purify this ceremony, too, the Elders have gone to the Bible.

"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, nor shall the flames kindle upon thee" (Jeremiah 42:2). No deaths have been recorded as a result of this practice, but another rite ("and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall

—harm them") has brought death to two women who, while in a frenzy, drank strychnine.

The three States of America censured by the actions of the Holiness Faith Healers have passed Statutes forbidding the practice, but, backed by the Biblical promises, the cultists have expressed their scorn for the law.

They, like the Dutchboers of Canada and the Raskoblers of old Russia, are so fanatically wedded to their fantastic faith that it is a pleasure to them to suffer the penalties of law-breaking—they become martyrs, and to their mentality, martyrdom is a glorious and highly satisfying fate.

When two female members of the Holiness were arrested recently, the

goal was surrounded by cultists who prayed noisily for the prisoners—who, nevertheless, indicated that they needed no prayers to aid them.

"I don't mind staying in goal," said one. "I have a year old baby and a girl of 12, and they can both handle serpents and fire. I am raising them for the Lord. We don't chew gum, and we don't drink coffee."

Meanwhile, in the Hills, Bill Parsons, Elder of the Shrine of Divine Healing, made a bitter indictment on the laws of the State.

Among other remarks, he said: "Let everybody get close to God and handle more and bigger snakes. There is no Church on earth that can handle snakes as we do."

He is probably right.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

—No. 42



DICTATOR SMITH OF SKAGWAY

A rough town in the halcyon built taken over by a guy who could clean up

GOLD! Just on half a century ago, that cry sent thousands racing madly towards Klondike. Strikes of fabulous wealth had been made. Lucky prospectors had become rich overnight. In thousands of homes the magic word engendered itself in glowing letters.

That rush never brought to the North a more astonishing character than the slacker reggie who in '96 became the "Dictator of Skagway." "Soozy" Smith was great in his own small way. He started as an ordinary confidence trickster, but rose rapidly through the grades of gaudiness to the position of dictator first in Creede, the silver mining town of Colorado, then in Skagway.

Skagway was the ideal center for

his activities. At the time of the rush it was the sort of inferno with which the Skagwayer is only too familiar—except that it was a thousand times worse. Ships, regular, chartered and condemned, poured into it, carrying men from the far corners of the earth.

These men knew no law but gold, no law but their own desires and methods of getting rich. Not that all of them grew rich. They discovered that the business of reaching the goldfield was as well as mining, the work of finding gold was at best a gamble, and the outcome of the advantage for many was poverty, starvation, and death.

People whose entire estate was on tick backs trooped in an almost in-

ending line of hopeful and vociferous seekers and when the cold winter came the snow did not damp their ardor, though it froze many of them to death.

It is to be wondered whether the fate of the corpse in the snow, was any worse than that of the successful digger who came back, his fists full of gold, to pour that wealth into the saloons, gambling joints and brothels of Alaska's boom towns. For the gold won on the Klondike was a prime example of wealth which, even if it was not "easy come," was indeed "easy go."

The result can be easily visualized. Men who, through lack of perseverance, suddenly found themselves with handfuls of gold, became mad with success—they snarled and trampled on their less fortunate fellow prospectors in the mad race back to the boom towns. And in those towns the more crafty tricksters and women of easy virtue, found it a fairly easy matter to effect the transfer of the gold from those who had won it to their own pockets.

In short, plentiful gold and cockless men, preyed upon by cunning men and women, were a sure foundation for a community in which the law was nothing more nor less than a figure of speech, utterly represented by a token force completely incapable of upholding it against the superior numbers and the devil-courage disposition of the population.

The "Minors" were even then the official representatives of law and order; but they were appalled by the size of their responsibility, and by the rugged individuality of outwandering characters who in Australia would have been called the "leaders of the

push." They had a knack of beating.

Such a leader was "Soozy" Smith, and against this turbulent background he operated with spectacular results.

Colonel Sam Steele of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police declared "Skagway is the roughest town in the world. 'Soozy' Smith with his gang of one hundred and fifty ruffians runs the town and does what he pleases. Robbery and murder occur daily."

From the moment "Soozy" heard of the rush North he rushed with the quick intuition of his type that Skagway was the ideal place for the exercise of his warped genius. He had been operating with his gang in the mining towns of the west of the United States, particularly in Creede.

He was then in the prime of life, some five years under forty, and was cannot help admiring his gift—warped though it was—his powers of leadership, audacity, the eye to see the way to the domination of a large but self-occupied community, the gift for argument, the unscrupulous bent for extremes, and the disarming address in exploiting amiable follies. "Soozy's" methods were blackguardly, his schemes were as violent as his successes, and his death quick.

The incident which gave "Soozy" his first chance to assert his personality was the headlong cry of "Murder!" in the streets of the port. A bar-tender had fired at two men and killed one of them. Injured women had sprung upon the assassin, yanked him out of his saloon and were preparing to string him up to the nearest pole.

"Soozy" had the nerve and coolness of a leader of men. Accoun-

PHENOMENON

Where there is dark there
isn't light,
And yet, there's little doubt,
Some talk at night
Are very bright
When all the lights are out!

T. W. N.

passed by his lieutenant, "Buck" Bowen—so-called because of his unimmaculate air—and other leading lights, he rushed to the scene where the shivering wretch would have been throttled in a few moments but for "Scopy's" intervention. Following his way through the crowd with no shooter down, and backed up by his toughs, he declared he would drop the first man who dared to touch the rope.

With commendable effrontery he drew out in his Southern tongue: "I always thought Skagway was a law-abiding town. Boys, we must do things right and proper. Do we know this man is guilty? His boss gives a fair trial. Come, now, give the man a chance."

The amazing thing was that, in this, the world's toughest town, he got away with it. And, with almost derisive grace, he knew every beat of its pulse. No sooner had the out-pet been hustled off to jail than "Scopy" was making a collection for

the widow. Within a few minutes a thousand dollars were in hand and given to her, and Skagway nodded approval.

Then, following up his victory, "Scopy" substantially announced that he was going to run Skagway—and run it "right." He did, much to the amazement of the gang and not a little to "Scopy's" profit. No other shanks got a look in, for they were told, short and sharp to clear out. The pickings of Skagway were to be left to its dictator and his minions. "Scopy's" gang dealt faithfully with any law-lance who dared set foot on their premises, a bullet or a savage beat-up being his warning. At the same time the chief opened up a dance-hall and gambling saloon known as "Jeff's Place," for the sole purpose of keeping any poor devil who was innocent enough to set foot inside.

In that city of shades and teeth, "Scopy" did not lack material for his malicious harvest. Thousands streamed into Skagway and out beyond into White Horse Pass with their horses and belongings en route to the El Dorado they sought. They assumed unadorned handshakes and the sinister title of "Dead Horse Gulch" by which the pass became known, cast a little light on the tragedies that occurred. On one mile of its most difficult stretch the carcasses of three thousand fat-handed horses were lying.

There were no vultures to pick their bones clean, but plenty of human harpies to prey upon the unhappy specimens who had hoped to win quick wealth. Many a victim was found lying lifeless by his sledge with a bullet hole through his back

or skull, and everything that he had sold. Some were lucky whose the small finding of gold was concerned; but they were worn out with the terrible journey, with hardships that robbed them of the use of feet and hands, and all were ragged, haggard and hungry.

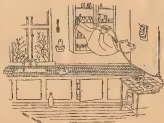
Such were the months of Skagway in the days of '98, and for a few months "Scopy" reigned unchallenged. Then, one day the gang clubbed and robbed a Scots miner named Stewart of his hard-earned three thousand dollars worth of gold dust. He was met of the forgetting sort, and was as tough as "Scopy" himself. Stewart went around telling his story to Skagway's engineer, Frank H. Reid, Major Strong and the element that had always opposed "Scopy's" gang.

It jerked them into action. They declared that they had had enough of "Scopy's" rule; decency must be restored; order maintained; the gang

cleared. A fat was issued to "Scopy" that if the gold was not returned every member of the gang would be arrested. He gathered his toughs and swore they would fight for their "rights and liberty."

Then, gun in hand, he strode to where Engineer Reid was holding a meeting of the men of Skagway who were determined to end "Scopy's" dictatorship. The two men's eyes met—"Flash" snatched Reid, waving his pistol forward. "Scopy's" gun came forward at the same moment. Simultaneously the weapons blazed. "Scopy" fell with a bullet through his heart, Engineer Reid dropped, too.

The fall of "Scopy" was a signal for a terrible vengeance on the gang who, leaderless, had no gain to stand up to the outrage they had so long preyed upon. Cornered and trapped, they yelled for mercy, but got little. To-day the bodies of "Scopy" and the man who ended his dictatorship lie within a few yards of each other.



THE WORLD IN WATER

The first contained water from every sea in the world—and the seed of death.

ON a scorching August day in 1877, when stifling heat rolled along the streets of London, an argument came to an abrupt end on the doorstep of a seamen's house called "Syracuse."

"I'm orderin' you to remove yer self and yer precious water by dusk on the morrow!" The agent of the law roared off, leaving old Abel Coombes with a gross impression of mean eyes, contorted features and beefy, gauged calves.

He closed the door slowly and returned thoughtfully to a room which was cool—even dank—compared with the stifling heat of the street. The walls were virtually blanketed with water. On shelves that might have been constructed to hold a massive library, there were scores of jars and bottles, all filled with a liquid that was for the most part perfectly clear.

For fifty years Abel Coombes had been collecting water.

He had samples from the streams, the rivers and the oceans of the world; from springs reputed to possess miraculous powers of healing; from canals on whose surfaces, at festival time, pearls had been strewn as the barge of some monarch or potentate had glided by.

Abel's interest was never scientific. He was an amateur of association. The water was the medium that set him reflecting and musing. A quarrel of a pair of the Nile, grasped on his hand and held up to the light, set off a train of thought about the Pharaohs. A sample of a stream in a Norwegian fiord brought a picture of a thin white line of water perpendicular on a great black face of rock. A cupful of Mediterranean became a sea and a pageant of ships, from the galleys of Cleopatra to the

page-mowed frigates of Lord Nelson.

And now he must waste "Syracuse." He must remove his savings chest.

In this collection of his, amongst the gallons of water in the sealed and labelled containers, old Abel had the answer to the riddle of the world.

Abel Coombes was born in London when England was still fresh with the naval victories of the early years of the century. His family had direct contacts with the sea. His father, Isaac Coombes, was a partner in a small shipping firm that traded in a modest manner, except for occasional trips into the Baltic, to ports in the Channel and the North Sea.

The Coombes family lived at Greenwich, and frequently entertained of captains and senior manners. Perhaps their social account for Abel's strange hobby. He himself said that he was enthralled for the rest of his lifetime by his first sight of water drops on a spider-web caught in a beam of sunlight.

It happened when Coombes Senior was walking for exercise in the park. The lad had strayed to the back of some shrubbery. Isaac had little patience when he found his son carefully tapping drops of water off a spider-web into his cupped hand, nor did he have any sympathy when Abel almost broke into tears because the golden light in the centre of the drops went out the moment they splashed into his palm.

During the years of his youth, Abel's passion for collecting water grew in secret. But at eighteen he was free to indulge as he pleased. His father had died and left him some property and a share in the business

Abel at once set about forming his collection, every ocean, every sea, and every major river must be represented. He had the disadvantage of a modest stamp-collector.

By the time he was twenty he had covered the British Isles. He had samples from the North Sea, the Irish Sea and the Atlantic. The lake's stored briefly at what time of the year they were taken, and noted the state of the seas—whether calm or angry. He also had samples from lochs in Scotland and quiet lakes in Ireland.

His family found his growing collection too much for comfort, and he was obliged to leave the home at Greenwich for the apartment in Soho. It was part of the property left to him by Isaac.

His hobby became really expensive when he started to travel. Between wars and minor squabbles, he covered portions of Europe and brought back wondrous souvenirs of rivers and lakes in a dozen kingdoms and States. With the sample from the Grand Canal of Venice came music and song, with a dipping from the Rhine, the reflections of forests and castles, with the River Seine, the city of Paris in shimmering array.

He was also paying attention on foreign and distant made routes to bring him back samples from harbours and headlands. But it was returned that the seamen left their sampling until their ships had dropped anchor at Tilbury and then filled the jars from the most convenient landing stage.

About this time there are several accounts of Abel. His countryman seems to have been confined wholly to his consuming passion for water

KISS ME AGAIN.

Oh, Sonny MacDougall, tell me this,
Where did you learn thatwise no less?
Where springs the secret of this art
That creates flutterings in my heart?
Give me, I pray you, explanation—
How pitted you the art of occlusion?
My dear, replied the lover MacDougall,
When in the Bay South I played the bagle,
And loaves to me it were fondness
Because the only one quite another.

In other respects he was quite rational, courteous—in fact, charmingly so—always well-mannered and capable of giving an intelligent view on matters in general.

Leonard Villon, a lawyer connected with old Isaac's estate, called on son Abel one evening and peered out that his hands were running out even if the water was being held. But Abel, having to easily entertained a visitor, refused to consider business matters until the unfortunate lawyer had been taken on a "grand tour" of the jail.

"Look at this!" exclaimed Abel for the hundredth time. He shook another jar at Villon's face and continued, "Look at it! The sacred River Ganges! I tell you, the prayers of millions can be saved drowning the city running of its waters!" He pressed the sample to his eye momentarily. Eager to share the delight, he pressed it against the side of Villon's head. At the sudden touch of cold glass, the lawyer jumped back sharply. In doing so he knocked a jar from the table behind him. It fell onto the fender and smashed.

The water spread quickly across the ash in the hearth.

"The Stone in question!" growled Abel with such emphasis that Villon felt himself guilty of some awful crime for which not only Coombes, but the entire French nation would forever damn him.

In the subsequent years Abel continued his travels. He took on the American continent. After each trip there was an elaborate ritual of unpacking and labelling. But in the absence of the museum he was surrounded by the wild roar of Niagara and the pounding of Pacific rollers on the Californian coast; he had glimpses of the solitary grandeur of the Mississippi and the River St. Lawrence at a standstill with ice.

In the 1860's he spent some months in Africa. In addition to the usual samples, he brought back an amber bottle which he handled as though it might explode if dropped. He referred to it as "slap water," and reluctantly admitted having come by it in a native village close by the River Niger. It was never given a permanent place in the exhibit.

As if it were a rare jewel, Abel once offered a fusion (whom he lost) a blending of a dozen different waters from such places as the East Indies and others that might be considered romantic. Worry of having played second fiddle to an uncertain number of gallons of water, she threw the gift in his face, drenching him so thoroughly that the romance was smothered out to the very last spark.

By 1877, Abel was down to his last penny. He could no longer travel. For now creditors he depended upon two or three sailors who took pay on him. He had sold his "Sprague" over his own head.

He wanted the money to buy his collection. He was merely given a civil hearing. He was to be eyed from his house.

When the bailiff and the constables called, the street was still blanketed with heat. The men were hot and sweaty, weary and in a hurry to have done with the business.

In the half-light, they did not notice the trickle of water under the door. They knocked. There was no answer. Their patience survived two more knockings, and then they smashed the door in. They stepped onto a swamped floor.

The shelves were empty. Broken jars lay near a doorway in jagged confusion. Searching for Abel, they splashed out to the scullery. Here a big trough had been built. The men were suddenly chilled at what they saw.

The waters of the world, the collection of fifty years, had been poured into the trough—except the last drop of it was merely overflow. Beside the trough was the amber bottle from Africa—smashed and empty.

Abel Coombes had cheated the bailiff. Having drugged himself, he had drowned in a blending of the rivers and lakes and oceans of the world.



What made the body's husband snatch the camera and take up the picture?

CRAIG RICE



THE AVENGING SNAPSHOT

A ROVING street photographer was playing his trade on the beach at Santa Monica, Cal., one sunny day in the spring of 1911. He spotted a couple strolled on the sand and, seeing them up as good prospects for a souvenir photograph, snatched their picture.

"Here you are, folks," he called out cheerily.

Before he could finish his little spiel the man was on his feet, hopping mad. Snatching the camera from the hands of the startled photographer he brandished it over his head.

"Give me that negative," he threatened, "give me that negative or I'll smash this machine . . ."

Dumb with amazement, the photographer handed over the negative.

The photographer glanced after the couple for a moment, and then he

started to follow them. "If he was mad about having his picture snapped with the lady," the young man reasoned, "he must have an important reason. Maybe he's been up to something."

Playing dead, he shadowed the couple and made a note of the address where they turned in. Then he went to the police.

The young man primed. He pulled a pistol out of his pocket and brandished it over to the police, explaining that he had made two snags before the subject knew it.

The police investigated at the address given them by the photographer and learned that the couple was known there as Mr. and Mrs. Dawson of Denver, Colo., but that all the letters they received were from St. Louis, Mo. Inquiries directed to the police of that city brought an

immediate telegraphic response, and before the day was over the Dawsons were in the Los Angeles jail.

Our true life story takes us now to Ottawa County, in the extreme northwest corner of Oklahoma, near the Missouri boundary line. On the edge of a deep wood stands a bleak house.

A man knocked on that door one night. He was the Sheriff of Ottawa County, and he was calling to inquire about a little matter of murder.

A farmer living in Missouri, the County next, had ridden in to report that he had come upon the dead body of a young girl with a bullet hole in her head. On learning from the medical examiner that the girl had been dead about two weeks, Sheriff Ben Totten had made every possible attempt to have the body identified.

Rumor had it that the house was the abode of Dr. Allen Hooper, leader of a strange religious cult, and the place was known as "The House of Deuteronomy."

What the sheriff wanted to know was whether the young woman found dead in the woods was known at the House of Deuteronomy.

The woman who appeared at the door said she was Cora Wentworth, the mistress of the house, Dr. Hooper, she said, was away, and so was Mr. Corbett, his assistant. The sheriff politely inquired if by any chance a young woman student or missionary had been reported missing lately.

Cora Wentworth replied that no one had been reported missing. Faye Church, the housekeeper, also disclaimed any knowledge of a missing girl. In back of the house the sheriff found a well-kept farm, in sharp contrast to the wild, overgrown ap-

pearance of the grounds in front of the place. The man who worked the farm for Dr. Hooper told the sheriff they had given all they possessed to the prophet, and spoke of him with the profoundest respect. One man, however, Sam Kirby, opened up enough to disclose that a Miss Cairns had left the house a week ago after a row with Mrs. Church.

When the sheriff located Mary Cairns she told him that one of the girls, Josie Byers by name, had left the House of Deuteronomy alone, and in tears, about two weeks before.

In the meantime Dr. Hooper and Miss Wentworth were brought in, but after looking at the body in the funeral parlor they declared it was nobody they had ever seen before. Josie Byers, they said, had left voluntarily, when she decided the didn't want to be a missionary. A week later Mrs. Cairns came in. She took one look at the body and said, "That's Josie. I'd swear it. Get Faye Church!"

Faye Church was brought in. "It looks like Josie," she said. "It's hard to tell, but the hair is like hers and she had just such a dress." Mrs. Cairns was more willing to talk now. "We no fine notions about Allen Hooper," she declared. "He's as smooth as they come, and Cora Wentworth, too. I mistrusted the whole outfit when I found some of Josie's clothes hidden away."

A deputy who had gone to make inquiries at Josie Byers' home in Fayetteville now returned with an interesting report. Her family hadn't heard from her in weeks. "I picked up two possible means of identification," he told the sheriff, "a chair of her teeth from the family dentist and the fact that the little finger of

A FAMOUS French endorser-pelican has recently explained his remark into a few common-sense words. He reports: "Bonds may look mean or glumous, but in intelligent tests they make a poor show. They are more susceptible to heart trouble than brains, and are more susceptible to compassions." A quotation with the precept: "Bonds are the most susceptible and have the greatest love responsiveness and hence are reliable and easily persuaded, but difficult to control, and bonds are more capable of seduction, affairs."

her left hand was broken when she was a child. The bone wasn't set right, her folks say.

With four warrants in his pocket—for the three cult leaders and Sam Kirby who, it was now known, had once been jailed back in Arkansas on a morals charge—Sheriff Totten returned to the mysterious house in the hills. He rapped on the door. There was no answer. The door was unlocked, and he walked in. The silence that met him was the silence of the tomb. The house had been hastily abandoned. Kernels of food still stood half-cooked on the kitchen stove.

Of the men, only two remained on the premises. "Dr. Heber and Mrs. Wentworth left early this morning on a short business trip to St. Louis," they told the sheriff. "Mrs. Church left yesterday . . . said something about going back to her people. We never know where Jim Garrett goes or when he's coming back. Kirby left the day you were here."

Anna Smith, who had been the bookkeeper of the place, went

through the house with the sheriff. All the records were gone. So was 10,000 dollars.

There's more to this than murder, the sheriff told himself. What about the girls? Where did they come from and where did they go when they left the house? The men denied that they knew anything about that, so Sheriff Totten went to see Mrs. Curran again. This time she was willing to talk. She hadn't left the house voluntarily, she said. She was fired.

"It was Mrs. Wentworth's doing," she told the sheriff. "I was too money, she said. She wanted to shoot me. There was a gun in the house. She was furious when I said I didn't see why Jim Garrett had to take the girls out on their assignments."

"I have absolutely no use for Mr. Garrett, or that sophisticated little powder, either. I was glad to get away from that house, Mr. Totten. It's an evil place. Those poor girls—only God knows what has become of them."

Mrs. Curran was able to offer only one possible clue as to Dr. Heber's destination. She remembered that he had once received a package from a street in St. Louis. Acting on a hunch, the sheriff decided to explore the city himself, in the hope of finding some trace of the girls who had left the House of Desecration in the company of Jim Garrett, ostensibly as missionaries.

It was a long shot, but it hit the mark. In a tenderloin saloon he hit it: he knew that he was from Oklahoma, and presently a girl came and sat down beside him.

"Garrett took us to a place and left us with a strange man. He was a horrible man. He knocked my

teeth out. They said they'd kill me if I talked."

The following night a series of raids netted two down girls who had been abducted into white slavery by Jim Garrett after they left the mysterious house in the Ozarks as "missionaries." They were simple girls from the hill country and none of them had ever been in a big city before.

Poor little Joaze Byers had escaped that fate—only to meet death at the muzzle of a .36 caliber revolver. That was Sheriff Totten's next task. To find that gun, and the person who fired it. Was it Jim Garrett? Dr. Heber? Mrs. Wentworth?

It was the long arm of coincidence, reaching clear across the continent to the street photographer on the beach at Santa Monica that made the answer to that question possible—an accident that was true to life, but almost too strange for fiction.

"Mr. and Mrs. Darnett" named out to be Dr. Heber and Mrs. Wentworth. Heber admitted selling the girls into slavery, but he denied the murder. It was Mrs. Wentworth who finally put the finger on him—and then only some time later, on her deathbed, for she had been slowly dying of an incurable illness. The murder weapon had meanwhile been found under a floor board in the house.

"Dr. Heber killed Joaze Byers," Mrs. Wentworth declared in her deathbed story. "The girl was infatuated with him. She wanted him to marry her and threatened to tell certain things if he didn't. He woke me up in the middle of the night and told me he had decided to do it. They went away together. At five

o'clock in the morning he came back—alone. He said he had shot her with my gun and asked me what to do with it. I gave him a board in the attic and put it there. We hid her clothing, and in the morning we said she had decided to go home."

Dr. Heber confessed the murder and, an hour later, committed suicide by swallowing poison. Mrs. Wentworth died of a cancer before she could be brought to trial.

Both had sensed against the laws of men, but they had also sensed against a Higher Law. For it is written in the same Book of Desecration: "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God."

And it was that Higher Law that excused the punishment.



Street musicians dulled the heart of a man who gave homeless soldiers a big legacy

DAVE YOUNG



KILLEEN AND THE "LIMBIES"

"Poor Killeen at last, and a better friend a limblee soldier did not have."

BEHIND that opening line of an obituary published in 1923 lies a truly amazing story of a young Aussie in whom Australia owes an everlasting debt of gratitude and thanks, and yet of whom so few people know or care.

But this is not the story of Killeen himself, but that of his love for fellow Aussies who today live and will never die, although Killeen has passed on to the place where all good soldiers eventually go.

It was a Friday night in August, 1919, Sydney was packed with tired and weary lim shoppers hurrying to

make final purchases before the chaos of night. Mingled among the crowd were men in khaki, battle-weary of the Middle East, of Gallipoli, of France, back home with war at end and peace.

Shop lights shone out on the passing parade as they poured along the pavements of each street. Some were happy, some sad, for the years of war seemed to have left its mark. On one corner where a hole more than five years before had stood a German band blithely rendering waltzes from "Flair Dore," now came the sound of an out-of-tune banjo, played by a legless Aussie wearing a green-stained tunic.

His battered slouch hat, containing

the dainty coppers, rested beside him while part of his shoe concealed three curled collection boxes under the noses of the passing throng and muttered "Help the old Dig."

Around the block, George, King, Pitt and Market, at the same time three battle-lacers, now broken and jobless, muttered "Tipperary" as they scraped on old bottles, blew through battered cornets, and mumbled on broken-headed mouth organs. Here was a new army, an army of beggars, their legacy for gallant duty to their country.

It was on that August night that Frank Killeen, a young Aussie who had left a leg behind on Gallipoli, swung along on his crutches among the passing parade in Pitt Street, Killeen, at the time a pioneer member of the newly-formed Returned Soldiers' Association, was a sad man. The sight of his fellow Aussies begging in the streets warmed him. He shamefully hung his head as memories went back to London where he had seen veterans of hygiene wars haunting the streets begging for food.

Killeen's blood boiled as the cry of "Help the old Dig" echoed in his ears. Here were his battle comrades, maimed and broken, left to beg for a crust of bread. Killeen bit hard on his lip as his brain churned. "Help the old Dig" certainly, but they must never be allowed to beg. The signs of London must never occur in Sydney. Killeen insisted under his breath.

So home that night went Killeen to evolve a plan; a plan for looking after all those Australia's returned and limblee war veterans.

Within a month there had been founded the Limblee and Maimed

Soldiers' Association, with Killeen working like a Trojan. Around him he had gathered a body of war-blinded men, who, like Killeen, were anxious to see that their war comrades were not left begging on the streets for an existence.

Things were soon under way. A request to the Commonwealth Government found pensions for his men increased by 200,000 a year; the Red Cross was busily finding suitable jobs; membership was increasing, and above all, the cry of "Help the old Dig" was now seldom heard in the streets.

It was not long before Killeen found himself the "father" of 950 war-maimed heroes in New South Wales alone, and a new battle cry was raging throughout Sydney for help for a worthy cause.

Devotion began to call on from business houses, cinema, and private citizens, first of whom to lend the list was Sir William Vives with a war bond for £100. That was in 1922, and the very eggs in the giant machine that Killeen had planned three years before, were slowly beginning to turn.

By this time Killeen's idea had spread throughout the nation, and in each State a similar body was under way, all using the same blueprint for rehabilitating and helping the man who had given a limb for his country. Killeen became Federal President.

In New South Wales the membership of the Association had grown to 1400 and a great deal more money was needed to further the schemes that Killeen had in mind. Never for one moment was Killeen idle. Day and night he was planning for the betterment of the crippled soldier.

IT'S SPRING—BARN IT!

The bloom is on the rose again,
The petals are softly unfolding,
And birds in the trees with soaring hearts
The joys of the Spring are upholding.
But harbagers of Spring—Away!
Away with blooming roses,
You matter not at all to us
We're blowing running noses.
To hark with the birds in blooming trees,
From us with blooming winter sneezes,
And take away the blooming waffles—
For us, instead—hot waf-waffles.

Funds from Anniversary Day collections, from parties and dinners, from small act scenes and donations were now rolling in to help this worthy cause.

And then, like something unbelievable, it happened. Frank P. J. Kilken, who for four years had given his all to help his fellow-men, resigned. Few knew through those years that he had been a sick man, suffering from diabetes. Within a few months, June 1923, Kilken was dead.

Truly an amazing man. A man that loved his fellow-men. A man whose sympathetic feeling led to the founding of an organization that will forever remain a monument to him.

But with the death of Kilken the work he had sown grew even stronger. When Kilken left off other men took over, and the great work continued.

The time was now ripe for the Association to go after bigger things. A prize of £20 was offered to any member who could produce a scheme for raising £50,000 in five years, another £20 prize to the man who submitted the best plan of how to distribute the money to the advantage of members, and according to Association policy.

One of the prizes was awarded to H. B. Sheldon, present manager of the Co-operative Building Societies in N.S.W., a member who supported the idea of an old age provident scheme. Today more than £200,000 stands to the credit of Sheldon's idea, which distributes nearly £200 each year among men of the Old English. A magnificent feat.

The scheme was launched a few months after the death of Kilken, and by 1924, organizers using the slogan "Expenses Nil"—to combat

the unfavorable reaction then among the public due to questionable running of chessy shows—funds were pouring in.

In that year one act union secured the Association £4,000. Later a Sydney Ugly Man's contest returned £20,000, and a charity matinee at the Majestic Theatre, with a star programme which included Moscovitch, Ella Shields, Maude Fenn and many other actors who gave their services free, brought nearly £1700 into the fund.

But the old age provident scheme under which members of the Association 55 years and older now participate, was only one of the many angles that the hard-working committee of the Association in 1923 was handling.

Every suggestion that was put forward for the betterment of its homeless and insured members was prosecuted. Better artificial limbs, travelling concussions, medical attention, financial assistance, etc., were all let off on the programme.

But perhaps one of the greatest advantages that was given members was the formation and establishment of the Limbless Soldiers' Aquatic Club—the only one of its kind in the world—which has been in operation at 63 Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse, since 1928.

Strangely enough, while these limbless Aquatics had been in uniform they suffered little embarrassment, but in after years it was found that many members were suffering an inferiority complex when forced to display their torn limbs publicly.

In London during the 1914-18 war it was nothing to see an armless Digger carrying piggy-back his leg-

less comrade. The two men co-operated as one, each helping the other, but early in 1924 an incident at Bondi Beach started what is now one of the greatest pleasures of the limbless soldier—the Aquatic Club.

It all started when a surf-living "Limbie" was stranded from the dressing sheds to the water-edge by a friend, similar to the procedure during their London days. As if it was a freak turn, the huge crowd of Beach sunbathers rose from the beach to watch the episode. The men became so embarrassed that they returned immediately to the sheds. "Never again will we swim in public," they said.

This was a terrible blow not simply to the two men concerned in the episode, but to the hundreds of limbless men who heard about it, as they did.

To them, anxious to take up the broken threads of life as best they might, this was a warning signal a ruthless, if thoughtless, symbol from the public that a man maimed in a struggle for freedom might be looked upon more as a freak than a hero.

This was completely frustrating to men who were already self-conscious; it was a threat which seemed to cut them off from a chance of establishing themselves again in normal living. It is easy to understand why, though they had been brought up on the beach, they said, "We will never swim in public again." But where could they swim in privacy?

Here was another worry for the Association. We must get our men a place where they can swim and enjoy their sport without becoming a star act for the gawking public.

WHEN Kileen, the barman, of the famous "Dollie and Pal of the Banana Bunch," was running Lady Elizabeth Foster, he had it as well as a first-class doctor. On one occasion, the doctor became tired of Kileen overhauling the convalescent, and said:

"When you have made Lady Elizabeth all with your treatment, I will cure her."

"When Lady Elizabeth is dead from your prescriptions," replied back Kileen, "I will answer for her."

A few years earlier a grand old lady, Miss Amy Deane, who had lived in Woolloomooloo, passed away, leaving her estate of £52,000 to the heads of houses for deserving charities. At one time Miss Amy Deane had owned portions of the land on which the Carlton Hotel, in Carlisle-st., Sydney, is now built.

Perhaps it was that one of the trustees, William Hamilton, winner of the Bondi offer, because when approached, he offered £5000 from the estate to purchase any property the Association thought fit for a clubhouse for its members.

When later told that they could buy the property on the harborfront at Vaucluse for \$8500, Hamilton said "Buy it and we'll pay."

It was not long before the "Lambies" of Sydney were enjoying their own club—and privacy.

The palatial Aquatic Club with its private swimming pool—now headquarters of the Lambies' Swimming Club—with bowling green, billiard and

billiard rooms, and where hapless soldiers can now enjoy a few weeks' rest at moderate charge, helped to give peace of mind and at the same time physical fitness to the men who felt they should hide their wounds from public gaze.

It wasn't long before the complex was entirely forgotten, and these burned and war-torn men were availing vision to watch their progress in water sport.

The week had far exceeded all expectations, and these days the men have once threatened with a better, healthier and active life, go abroad for swimming tournaments.

At Blackheath, N.S.W., recently they held a challenge tournament with able-bodied swimmers, and on several events the winner was a man who swam without an arm, or a leg. It was good to see. These men, who had made a great sacrifice in war, had exhibited their proficiency under a handicap, and were normal men again! That's a big thing.

But all through this great effort to help the hapless and injured soldiers, the name of Kileen lived. The man that Kileen had once had truly taken note.

And then came World War II. Quickly the old "Lambies" realized that they would soon have comrades of another generation—and another war—to look after.

But this time there would be no need for the cry of "Help the old Dig" to echo through the streets of Australia; no need for the long weary years of building up an organization to look after them; no need for these new war-battered veterans to hide their feelings, for the machine that Frank Kileen had

planned was ready to welcome them. It wasn't long before the Old Brigade was meeting hospital ships, visiting hospitals, telling their tale that there was no need to worry the men; crying for them and showing them what would be done.

And so in New South Wales alone 35 new "Lambies" from World War I came back to join their elder comrades.

Today the Lambies Soldiers' Association carries on, ever-caring and ever-fighting for the men of Australia who gave part of them for the coun-

try's honor and the safety of freedom.

Kileen has been dead 25 years—but the name of Kileen will never be forgotten.

The Australian "Lambies" today have a life they can appreciate, sports they can enjoy, some compensation for the sacrifices they made. This is no more than we owe them, but it is a debt which had to be recognized before it could be paid, and it was recognized by Kileen.

Truly, a great man was Kileen—"a better friend a lamblike soldier did not have."

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



FRED PERLEY SPENDS A GOOD DEAL OF HIS TIME WATCHING STRANGERS TO LOWER PEOPLE'S MORALE, BECAUSE THE FURNITURE HOME NUMBER IS KNOWN BY SYDNEYBERRY. THE MAN HAS WORKED OFF THE LARPIESTS' NUMBERS HAVE NEVER GOT AROUND TO REPLACING THE ONE NUMBER THAT STROPPED AT THEIR NUMBER PLATE. AND NONE OF THE HOUSE NUMBERS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT ANYWAY.

Illustration by Fred Perley

P a s s i n g S e n t e n c e s

Stones and sticks are thrown only at frustration-free men.

A bore is a person who never seems to have a previous engagement.

You can't do anything wrong in the eyes of your mother because she is always looking at you with her heart.

Pulsing proposal: "I'm a stranger here. Would you direct me to your home?"

The law gives a man the right to open his wife's letters, but not the nerve.

A cheap substitute for happiness is pleasure.

World peace depends upon what is in our hearts more than what is in our treaties.

A girl doesn't have to worry very much about her family tree if she has the right kind of limbs.

Growing old is a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

Folks used to make their own clothing on spinning wheels. Now they lose their shirts on 'em.

The period when a fish grows most quickly is between the time we catch it and the time we describe it to our friends.

What passes for women's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency.

Many nations apparently want to wage in peace.

The only trouble with being able to read a woman like a book, is you're liable to forget your place.

Freebreaker: One who lives off the fat of the land.

Fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs.

★ Invitations to relax is given charmingly by Marilyn Monroe, 20th Century - Fox studio.





Murder on the "ULLSWATER"

THE big "Ullswater" was no place to be that afternoon. It was a day of clear sky and blue water. There was pleasure, but the second mate of the brig was not.

The cargo had been out to the day that morning, leaving their craft around the "Ullswater" and offering any one of the crew who wished to desert a small purse of gold, and promise of a berth on any other vessel in the harbor, with better conditions.

The second mate had had war with a mutiny since the first mate who had died to leave the ship. So the cargo had gone away, and the crew had added one more grudge to their score against the mate, the second mate, Skew.

Then, in the afternoon, and with the loss of one life, they finally settled the score.

It began when Skew called the cabin boy to him. That was his favorite cabin boy. To show the respect, Skew had beaten the boy almost every knot of the voyage out from England.

"Bring me a rope's end," Skew told the boy.

"But, sir, I haven't done anything," the boy protested.

Skew's reply was that this was just the reason why the boy deserved a beating. "You're on this ship or work," he roared.

The boy brought the rope's end and Skew took it from him and told him to work around. He laid the rope's

end across the boy's back, but only once.

Ferry was the man who murdered Skew. Skew struck Ferry across the face with the rope. Ferry bunched his big fat and felled Skew. Someone roared "Fight!" and men came running. When Skew climbed off the deck he had a knife in his hand, a case knife sharpened to a point. Before Ferry could make what was happening, he had been smothered.

Skew stood over the fallen man and glared at the crowd around him. "Miser!" Skew roared. "Scoundrel! I'll do the lot of you!"

Then he ran at them with the knife and they rushed before him, leaving him reach the rail where he turned and faced them. Quick and sure, he ran at them again, and a foot came out and tripped him. They pulled on him when he fell.

The police came out to take Skew away, and they transferred Ferry to the hospital where he was to die three days later. Skew was brought to them in time.

One of the police mentioned to the battered appearance of the murderer.

"He fell and hit his face on the deck," a witness told them.

The verdict against Skew was one of "wilful murder," and he was later sentenced to hang in the road gang.

The man who had come to Port Jackson in August of 1846, as second mate of the brig "Ullswater," remained as a part of His Majesty's Government.



The lovely girl couldn't win at the gambling table. But she found a winner

★ MARIE J. FANNING

LUCK FOR A LADY

THE wheel stopped at twenty-two.

Swiftly the croupier's rake slid across the table. A few people pushed back their chairs and left. There were others waiting to take their place. Americans, English, Indian, French. Men with bored expressions, women with the excitement of first play making their faces flushed and their eyes bright.

Fifteen. The croupier's rake moved again.

This time the eyes turned to a young man who sat at one end of the table. He was dark, good-looking, obviously English. His hands moved to add to the growing stacks of chips in front of him.

The eyes turned back to the wheel. Seventeen. Again they were on the man at the end of the table.

Someone behind him asked, "Who is he? I haven't seen him before."

Another voice answered, "I don't know. He must have made a few thousand to-night. Beginner's luck."

People at the table were waiting

for him to place his chips. The croupier was watching him closely.

Then he swept his chips together and rose from the table. The croupier looked relieved.

As the young man walked away from the table, he saw a woman standing close by. She was staring at him. She wore a white evening gown and her blonde hair was swept high to the crown of her head. She was beautiful.

As he drew nearer, she stepped forward a little to meet him.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you are English, aren't you?"

He looked surprised. "Why, yes," he said.

She spoke hurriedly in a low tone.

"I am so pleased. I am English, too. My name is Susan Wright. Could you help me?"

He looked at her apricot skin, the wide gray eyes, the full red mouth.

"If it is possible, I shall be glad to help you."

She smiled at him.



"What is your name?"

"Roger Fraser."

"I shall call you Roger. You can help me. I am in difficulty. I must

get some money—quickly. Would you come back to the table and play it with me? You have luck to-night. I have been watching you."

PROOCCUPIED

They say "I was a marvelous
man."

The last that I went to see

That may be so—

I do not know,

For I went with the fair Miss
D.

—Ned

He hesitated.

"I had fringed. I was going back to my hotel."

"Please," she whispered,

He looked at her for a moment.

"All right," he said.

They sat together at the table. His back still held. A crowd gathered behind their chairs to watch them play.

It was three o'clock when Roger prepared to leave.

"I have to go now," he told her.

"Oh, not yet, Roger," she pleaded.

"A little longer."

"No, I'm sorry. I am not going to waste any back any further."

She grumbled a little as she closed her bagging bag. But when they had left the table, she took his arm and spanned it.

"I can't thank you enough. You have got me out of a frightful jam."

"Can't I see you to your hotel?" he asked her.

"No, thank you. I shall say and wish a little longer."

She turned and left him.

He walked briskly back to his hotel. He didn't bother to undress, but threw himself full length on the bed.

He wondered who she was. He hadn't even asked her the name of the hotel where she was staying. It was foolish of him. But she would be at the Casino again that night he was sure.

Roger was there early. Carefully he looked through all the rooms to see if she was already at the tables. She wasn't. He chose a table that was near the door. If she came in he would see her.

"It was eleven o'clock when something went wrong. He was beginning to love. The wheel spun again. He lost. Over many he placed his chips. This time it would be all right. Fourteen was his number. Five came up.

He was pale and a pulse was beating in his temple. If this should be the beginning—

He lost again. He plunged. Again he stood up and showed his chair back awfully. Everyone was watching him.

"Poor devil," they were saying. "He lost the lot."

As he left the Casino, the unforgotten doorman stepped forward.

"Your card, monsieur?"

Roger gave it to him.

The man examined it, then dropped it into a box.

"You will take out a new one."

This expires."

He hadn't the price of a meal now, let alone a card for the Casino. He made his way to the hotel.

He sat on the edge of his bed and dropped his head in his hands. He was a fool. He should have known his back wouldn't hold that long. If

had been content with last night and gone today as he had planned, but there had been the woman.

He smiled bitterly. Even then his back hadn't held.

He lay down on the bed. If he could only cause a few peaceful. His back might be good again tonight. It was his would leave tomorrow.

Suddenly he sat up. There was still a chance. She might be there tonight.

"Your card, Monsieur?" the doorman asked.

Roger's hand went to his pocket. Then he remembered. He hadn't one.

"I am looking for someone. She is inside. If you will let me in, I shall fix up about the card later," the doorman looked at him seriously.

"I've heard that story before."

"Well, it's right this time. Let me in and I'll be back in five minutes."

The doorman opened the door gradually.

"All right then, but not a minute later."

Roger walked through all the doors. Then he saw her. She was sitting at a table with a pile of chips in front of her. She had on an exquisite dress, with diamonds on her white neck and in her hair. She looked excited, her eyes were sparkling and she laughed softly as she reached across the table to place her chips.

There was an elderly grey-haired man sitting next to her, and as Roger stood looking at her, he bent forward and whispered in her ear. She looked up at him and laughed again.

Roger waited. She had won again. Now she was standing up and walking away from the table, leaving the

man who was with her to gather up the chips.

Roger went up to her.

"Hello, Susan," he said.

She stood quite still looking at him. Her face was suddenly expressionless, her lips pressed tightly together. But it was her eyes he noticed. They were cold and hard.

"Susan, can I speak to you a moment?"

The grey-haired man was walking toward them. Still Susan didn't answer. She just stood there staring at him.

The man came up and took her by the arm.

"What goes on here? Is something wrong?" He looked at Roger.

"Do you know this man?"

Susan looked straight at Roger without blinking.

"No, I've never seen him before. He doesn't even know my name. He called me Susan."

Roger opened his mouth to speak, then he closed it again. His face hardened.

The other man turned to him.

"Would you mind leaving the lady alone? You are annoying her."

Roger turned and walked to the door. As he went he heard her say.

"How strange. He must have mistaken me for someone else." Then in an excited voice she added, "Thank you so much for getting me out of trouble tonight."

The doorman held out his hand to Roger.

"Where's the card?" he asked.

"The lady won't let it," Roger told him.

He stepped out into the street. A soft, misty rain was falling. He turned his coat collar up around his face and walked slowly back to his hotel.



©Holt

Crocodile's Brother

★ KEVIN HARTE

The black man was better than whites
—and crocodiles were on his side

THE big master was silent now. Only a few more "scrubbers" had to be brought in and landed before the big drive started for Wyndham Meat Works. Stockmen, black and white, clustered about the

flicking campfire in the "house" paddock of Yarrandera Station. The overcast, Mack Carnus, spoke as he stared his six penons of sea.

"I met young Joe Hansen down by the creek today, Tod."



The cattle turned away, but *what* drove them back towards the other

"Yeah?" answered Tod Carnatus. "How's old 'Bill' keeping? Did he say?"

"Bill's fine. He's up in Darwin at the moment, got a' some skin grafted over those scars on his head."

"How'd he get those scars, Mack?" asked Carnatus, rolling a cigarette. "I've been meaning to ask you since I lost out Bill."

Mack threw another log on the fire and was one of the black boys to witness the man who was guarding the branded cattle.

"It must be over ten years ago since it happened," began Mack. "Big Bill was working for me at the time—he was my best rider—"

As Carnatus listened, Mack's voice seemed to fade away and the flicking fire seemed to the crimson glow of a Tertiary sunset. Mack told his story.

Yarrandera's remotest station was on the wet-clad banks of the Fitzmaurice, in charge of Big Bill Hansen. Three hats, of roughly-seasoned timber shins and with short-

ONE sunny May day in Central Park a blind man was seen tapping for alms with his cane. On his chest was a sign "Help the Blind," but no one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Presumably every passer-by put a coin in his cap, since even running back to make a contribution. His sign read "It is May, and I blind."

The search of poetry in a poetic world was quickly made.

back facts, set among tall gum-trees, were Hansen's dream. Half a mile away, through the gums and laurels, glittered the waves of the crocodile-infested Frigateship.

Under Hansen's care were four aboriginal stockmen. All except one were good workers, and obeyed him without question. The disobedient stockman was Illbut, a sturdy fellow from the Cape Scott Reserve.

Illbut had always lived taking orders from a white man. Recently he had actually been abusive to Hansen. Only the latter's great patience saved the abo. from a thrashing. Hansen knew the reason for Illbut's outburst—recent smoke-talk from the coastal tribes had told of a great crocodile to be held shortly. The other three "boys" were satisfied so long as they got good tucker three times a day.

These other boys were scared of Illbut, and he knew it, and used the fact to obtain more "baccy" for himself. Once, so the boys told Hansen,

Illbut had sworn the crocodile-infested Queen's Channel and, they assured him, a reptile had sworn beside the abo. carrying his weapons in its wattle jaws.

Illbut boasted he was "blood-brother" to the crocodile and none would ever touch a man who made a "bunt like that. More than once he had threatened to call the crocodile his "brother" so as the terrified stockboys unless they gave him their "tigger-baccy" tobacco. He was a bully, this black stockman.

As he picked the middle from his evening beer, Illbut's mind was far away—he was thinking of the crocodile that was seen to be held. He led the horse towards the water-nough.

A bunch of scrubbers had just been turned into the temporary banding-pen which was roughly fenced with warped gadgie saplings. The hard day's work over, Hansen strode towards his shack but lit his pipe. Once inside the hut, he sat on the edge of his bunk and grunted as he poked the work-stained riding boots from his weary feet.

A shadow darkened the open doorway. Hansen looked up and squarred his blue eyes. Outside, the sun was setting in a blazing cauldron of colour and, because the hut faced West, Hansen could not at first distinguish the figure silhouetted in the glowing doorway. As his eyes became used to the glare, the ugly features of Illbut slowly materialized. He had waited the horse.

"Oh—what do you want?" asked the lean corner, "Tiger and the others have got your tucker."

The aborigine advanced further into the hut.

"This fella want 'em plenty what you tobacco," he demanded gamely.

"What!" exploded Hansen, bouncing to his feet. "Strike me pink! I just gave you your weekly ration yesterday!"

"You give 'em more! This fella now bawn-bye."

"Yes! You'll learn bye-and-bye all rights—after the morning's over. That's when the mission wants you back, and you're not going to rouse the bush while I'm still in charge!"

"This fella leave now!" roared the abo. No go back to Mission—go large tomorrow."

Hansen unbuckled his khaki shirt, preparing to wash himself, and turned to the stockman.

"Listen, Illbut," he said, "You might be able to beat those other boys, but don't come the wild-man smart with me as I'll thrash you so within an inch of your life."

Unexpectedly, the big abo. lashed out with the butt of his stockwhip and sent Hansen reeling.

The cornerer shook his head to clear it and went charging back at Illbut. Black man and white crashed on the dirt floor of the hut and rolled through the open doorway.

Outside, they lurched to their feet and fought like demons. Hansen did what he had threatened to do—he thrashed Illbut to within an inch of his life.

From the first moment it was apparent that the act of fighting had wiped out the color line: Illbut, who despite his truculent and sullen attitude, had always known where a black man should stop when dealing with whites, was now over that line, and having gone so far could not be turned, go far enough. He dodged

and faded with every trick learned in a hard and restless life.

Through his tangle Illbut had managed to keep his grip on the stockwhip, and made every endeavor to use it again, snaking out the lash about Hansen's ankles to trip the white man for a second advantage.

Hansen gripped the lash to pull the whip, knowing that if Illbut let go he would be disarmed, and that if he did not, he would be tripped off balance, but Illbut, also knowing this instinctively, jumped in and reeled the butt of the whip for another blow at Hansen's skull. The white man dived like a battering ram into Illbut's stomach, and the black man doubled up, among a vicious uppercut at Hansen's unprotected chin as he did so.

Hansen dodged the blow by throwing his two arms about Illbut; they both went down, and when they got to their feet the whip lay between them on the ground. They managed to do without it, and fought bitterly to the finish.

Hansen made it a final and terrible blow.

He stood over the unconscious black figure on the ground, breathing heavily and wiping sweat from his glistening brow. The other three boys stared on with eyes protruding like onions. A white man had beaten the crocodile man.

"Yes, Tiger," roared Hansen, "take this fella Illbut longer till quack fella need Take him but!"

Tiger and the other two abos. crossed the battered Illbut to their tent.

That night Hansen shifted his bunk and slept facing the doorway, but to one side, and with his hand on the butt of his revolver. However,

the expected spurs did not thrust into the spurs normally occupied by the bank, and Illobet was actually grazing at breakfast the next morning.

"He's happy," thought Hanson, "too damn happy. I wonder what he's cooking up now!"

The beasts in the branding-pen were soon thrown and branded. The acid smell of burnt hair mingled with the sweet bush air, and Hanson detested the black boys for their job of collecting the few remaining scrubbers.

Illobet complied with alacrity and rode off along the trail to the trees. He had not ridden for when he surprised three horses grazing in a well-grass-free fringed clearing. A willy wagal was dancing along the red back of one leg next, but took to the air in panic at the crack of Illobet's stockwhip.

Never had the black man gone to work with such gusto. His spotted horse grazed under his urging hand, the stockwhip cracked, cracking, over the heads of the cattle, and they began to move.

There was a wide grin of undisguised enjoyment on Illobet's face, which might at first have suggested that the fight, and any ill-will growing out of it, had long died from his mind.

Moving gracefully, as if he were indeed part of the beast that carried him, he urged the cattle into movement.

Lumbering awkwardly, they went forward. Illobet moved in behind them, his black arm flailing unmercifully with the whip. In a picturesque sort of way he might have been an overjoyed god pursuing the cattle with grain while to the more practical eye he demonstrated what every good stockman should be.

The beasts belivered and lumbered off into the bush as the stinging lash cracked across their backs. Illobet spurred his horse forward and gave chase. The undergrowth crashed beneath the thundering hoofs of the cattle and startled cockatoos took screeching flight from the tall kangaroo grass. Crows and tall grey shears squawked from the bushes.

The cattle turned away from the river, but Illobet turned them back in the direction of the rolling, brown wastes.

A cunning, diabolical plan was racing through the abo's mind. He would show the white man that it didn't pay to thrash Illobet. The three beasts he was chasing were among the fattest steers on Yassan dome. A few quid would be lost if somehow or other they fell into the Fitzmaurice and were taken by the crocodiles. Cruelly, the abo lashed the cattle and kept them charging through the scrub towards the river.

With a crash the beasts burst through the tall, slender saplings and plunged into the muddy waters. The mud on the river bed was like glue. The bawling cattle found themselves stopped.

Illobet yelled with glee and jerked his horse to a halt on the bank of the six-foot bank. His stockwhip cracked out and lashed the bawling, frustrated, strutting cattle. In mid-stream and drawing closer were a line of black moose and eye-ridges as the larking mammals dashed in for the kill.

"Come, brothers!" yelled Illobet in his native tongue. "Come and devour the white men's cattle!"

In a matter of minutes the quiet waterway surged into a mass of blood-

drained foam as it eddied to the square bellows of the bawling mammals. The cattle were men to sharks, soon only a crimson patch remained in the brown surface.

Illobet was cackling with joy at the slaughter, and yelling his thanks to his "brothers" when a voice interrupted him.

"What the hell's all that?" It was Hanson.

The bellows of the cattle had brought him down to see what was wrong.

Illobet swung around in his saddle and his grin vanished.

"Bank," he said in answer to Han-

son's question, "han give way. Cow fall in river—crocodile finish 'em."

"You lyin' dingus!" bellowed Hanson, leaping forward in the middle. "There's no tank where that bank's collapsed. By God, Illobet, if you drove those cattle into the river I'll skin you alive!"

"That tells me he's started the abo," "Hanson lie—try make'n trouble longer Illobet!"

"I'll make trouble for you all right, you cow, you're comin' back to the homestead with me and I'm taking you to Sergeant Flinders at Victoria River Downs."

Illobet looked sick. He was scared.



of the "white man's place." He must not let Hansen take him away.

"Come on, you black —!" shouted Hansen, and rushed out to grab the black stockman's collar.

Instead of catching the collar, however, he caught the coiled lash of Illibet's stockwhip on the temple. He crashed sideways out of the saddle as his horse reared up and squealed in fright.

In a flash the black stockman was on the ground beside the dazed overcoat. As Hansen struggled to his feet, Illibet smashed him twice across the skull with the heavy butt of the stockwhip. Hansen sank to the ground. Illibet snatched up a billet of wood and smashed it across the white man's head. Only that the man's was deflected slightly by a log, Hansen's brains would have stained the grass. His face was streaked with blood which ran from

the ugly gashes. Hansen's horse's reins were tangled in a bush and it pranced around fiercely as it tried to get free.

Illibet glanced around guiltily—nervously—and then grinned. The "white man's place" would chase him now, but his tribe would protect him, for he would be a great man when he returned with all the white man's possessions and plenty of "baccy" for the tribe. Now he had to get rid of Hansen. His "blood-brothers" would do that for him.

Illibet stooped to lift Hansen. His mind was crammed with dreams of the impression he would make on his tribe when he returned.

With a mighty jerk Hansen's mount tipped its rear free from the bushes and thundered back, right on to Illibet, who did not see it.

The black stockman screamed as the force of the bump sent him flying

into the Fitzmaurice. His legs stuck in the mud and, though he struggled furiously, he could not move them.

In uncontrolled terror the trapped abo watched the advancing mob of one of his "brothers." With scarcely a ripple, the Australian drew steadily closer.

"Go away!" yelled the abo, "Go away, brother! I am your brother—you so harm me! Stop—"

The black stockman's terrified scream was drowned in the roar as the reptile attacked him. Savage jaws closed on Illibet's shoulder and he screamed as the fangs sank in.

Reluctantly the reptile retreated to deeper water, and the struggling, gasping native was desperately trying to gauge the monster's eyes. With a gulp the waves closed over his black head. The "goodlife man" had joined his "brothers."

Once again, Cameron heard

Mick's drawing voice. The glowing fire remained its natural appearance.

"Tiger and the other boys found Hansen later on the day and brought him up to me at the homestead," Mick said. "He was riding again in six months."

"Hansen owes his life to you, then."

"No," said Mick, spreading his blankets, "he owes it to the Flying Doctor Service. If I hadn't had a pedal wireless to connect the Flying Doctor, he would've died of cerebral hemorrhage. Well, Ted, I think I'll turn in now, good-night!"

"Good-night, Mick."

The fire flickered feebly, and as weak light slowly gave place to the pale beams of the rising moon.

Over the camp settled the pacer of the bush night, the eerie long shadows, and moonbeams.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 42.

SWEET and DRY

With a Dash by Gibson.



Glad you arrived early old chap, you can give a hand at mixing the drinks, nothing like having everything ready for the guests when they arrive.



... Hmmmm, not bad at all, maybe a little on the dry side though, maybe a



dash of the old Cherry Brandy will help give it that 'certain something' that makes a good cocktail.



Smooth, pretty smooth at that. Could be a bit sweeter, or maybe even a little drier, anyway a thirsty man would be glad to taste it, still I guess.

dash or two of sweet and dry Varnmouth won't do any harm in fact.



It's just about perfect that's what it's just about as! To make it more perfect still a splash on' a dash o' rum'n brandy will fix it an'.

Gibson



if our guests don't like it they can all go an' drink somewhere else! Ain't I still think a bit to make a' somethin' will just make it more perfecter than..... ZZZZZZ



MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



INHALATION of the drug, amylnum, will stop hangovers. Dr. R. C. Naim, a lieutenant surgeon in the British Navy, demonstrated the drug's effectiveness when standard methods failed to relieve hangovers in a stakes. In a desperate search for some remedy, Dr. Naim examined his stock of medicines for an anti-spasmodic that had not been tried. He found amylnum and gave it to his patient. It worked.

If you can't be taught to make your mouth water at sight of a juicy beefsteak, there may be something wrong with your brain. This is the basis of a speedy cure known to physicians can now use in searching for serious brain damage. Your mouth waters at the taste of a juicy beefsteak. That is known as an inborn reflex. But even young babies can learn to have the same mouth watering or start salivating movements at the sight of food. This acquired reflex is known as a conditioned reflex. The ability to form new conditioned reflexes depends on the action of the higher nervous centres and especially in mammals upon the cortex. The higher in the animal scale, the more does the ability to form conditioned reflexes depend upon the brain cortex. Inability to form new

reflexes points to serious damage to the brain cortex, perhaps a brain tumor which is interfering with the functions of the nerve centres. The doctors believe that by testing for reflexes they may be directed towards the injury.

Lethal doses of potassium cyanide, one of the deadliest poisons known, have been made harmless to the nervous system of animals—and by inference, man—by Soviet scientists. They neutralized the poison by administering simple anaesthetics to the animal subjects. The anaesthetics nullified the effects of powerful hormones, like adrenalin and thyroxine, and allowed the body to rid itself of the poison while the subjects were in a coma.

A pinch of bicarbonate of soda may some day be used to improve the performance of athletes and others engaged in tasks requiring physical exertion. It has been found that bicarbonate of soda can increase the rate of elimination of carbon dioxide from the body. Experimental work is still in the preliminary stage, and considerable research must be done before the correct amounts of bicarbonate of soda can be determined. Too much can make a person ill.

THE MAN WHO Stole Food



When the baker came to violently death he berated the hangerman for a fool

IN Naples, the year 1825, there was a man named Gino Gaspari who was hungry.

In time of hunger people are not apt to be much worried by ethics. This was the way with Gino Gaspari. He stole food. He might have gone on stealing food for quite some time, if it had not been for that devil of a shopkeeper.

Snow lay deep on the streets of Naples. Gino was cold, hungry, desperate. In his hand was a shovel, his tool of trade. Not that he was employed by the city to clear the streets. The shovel made it look as though he had business to be on the street outside the shops.

The shops in those days were open-front stalls. This one was a bakery. The smell of good bread was drifted

and preserved on the cold winter air. Gino stopped and took in the aroma. He adopted the attitude of a man about to shovel snow. His experienced eyes noted the shop, weighing the chances of napping in and snatching a loaf of bread and then getting safely away with it.

At that moment the baker came out from back of the shop with a tray of freshly baked loaves.

"Much snow," the shopkeeper said. "Too much," said Gino. "Bad for business."

An idea came to Gino. "Not that I'm hungry right now," he said. "But that bread smells as if it might be good to eat. What's it worth for me to clear the snow from in front of your shop first?"

"Nothing," the shopkeeper said.

Gino shrugged. "I was going to start here, anyway, because I like the smell. Just thought I might swing a loaf from you, on the side."

He gave the shopkeeper a roguish smile. The man was not amused. He grunted and went back to the bakery. As soon as the door had closed, Gino ran into the shop and snatched two of the fresh loaves of bread. He sprang back to the sidewalk. The shopkeeper flung the door open and came after Gino.

"Steal from me," he shouted. "I'll show you what I do with thieves."

The man was big and Gino was little. The shovel that was his aid in theft now became his undoing. He swung it in his defense, and the blade crashed against the big man's temple. He fell groaning to the snow. And Gino turned and ran into the arms of two policemen.

The shopkeeper was dead.

Justice was swift and necessary. The magistrate heard the evidence, and sentenced Gino Gaspari to be hung by the neck until he was good and dead. They gave Gino twelve hours to repent of his deed.

Gino dabbled the hangerman's night. He was a nice type. While good men were forced to steal their food, caution like this shivered. The hangerman did not care for Gino, either.

It was one of the privileges of the hangerman's job that he could have the clothes from the bodies of his victims. Naturally enough, he decanted of hanging wealthy men. Instead, he got stuff like this.

Gino's clothes were enough to make any decent scarecrow shudder. They angered the hangerman, which made him fidgety, which made him want to

get the thing over and done with quickly, which may have had some bearing on what followed.

"Stand here," he told Gino.

He placed the noose around Gino's neck, took the right amount of slack and knotted it around the gallow. He let the rope go. Gino came down like a bird until the slack had been taken up. Then the fall ended and, in theory, his neck was broken.

So Gino Gaspari was dead. The hangerman unknotted the rope and let the body down. He took away the noose and folded the rope against the next time he would need it. He began to remove the rags from the body.

"That pickings," one of the persons attending said.

The hangerman grunted. "Thieves, besides, all the poor people in the city come to me. Why is it I never get any of the rich ones? I'll tell you why. Because the judges are crooked. They won't send their friends to me, not they." The matter was plainly weighing on the hangerman's mind.

"He looked a lot better in his rags," the attendant said. The two men lifted the body and carried it inside, where they laid it on a table. They began to arrange the grave-sheet around it, hiding the gashes and almost featureless bones.

The body was left on the table. In due course the prison doctor came around to pronounce it dead.

He poked his thumb against the eyelid the attendant had closed and weighted.

The eye looked at him. It swung around in its socket. The doctor quickly took his hand away and called for the attendants. Flustered, he watched the head roll on the table,

the eyes open, the throat swell with the effect of asphyx.

The resurrected Gino Gaspari tried to sit up. The attendants came running into the room. The doctor said, "Fine this thing. Let it get up and stretch. Then bring me that bloody fool of a hangman."

The doctor was not without human feelings. "Poor wretch," he said, "You will have to be hanged all over again. They ought to hang the hangman with you."

The attendants came back with the hangman. By this time Gino was sitting up on the table, with a glass of wine supplied by the doctor beside him, drained loudly in his grave clothes.

"Monster. Infernal bungler," the doctor said to the hangman. "See what you've done to this unfortunate man."

"He was dead," the hangman said simply.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

The hangman swore that this time there would be no mistake.

They walked Gino out to the yard again. The hangman unfolded the rope. He put the noose around Gino's neck.

"What a mistake," Gino said. "I'm not going to be hung like this. Give me back my clothes."

"Not on your life. You won't need them any more."

Gino appealed to the doctor, to the attendants. It was his right, he said, at least to be hung like a man, in a man's garments. The idea pleased the doctor. It would be a nuisance to the hangman.

"We'll go back inside and discuss this," the doctor said. "Out of the snow."

Inside or outside, the hangman was firm. He had hanged Gino once. The clothes, such as they were, now belonged to him.

"Give me back my clothes," Gino said.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Give him back his clothes."

"Then he puts them on, and I hang him, and I take them off again," the hangman argued reasonably.

"That would be stupid."

"Are you going to give me back my clothes?" Gino asked him.

"No. Definitely, no."

"Very well," said Gino.

The doctor had used a knife to cut the grave-clothes away from Gino's body so that he could sit up. The knife lay on the table. Gino dived for the hangman, and he had nothing to lose.

Gino took up the knife in one swift motion, and he pibbed the blade into the hangman's chest. Before they could stop him, he had withdrawn the blade and thrust again.

The hangman sank to the floor.

The doctor and the attendants sprang at Gino. They wrested the knife from him. He did not struggle, having no quarrel with them. He had ended his snow with the hangman, and that satisfied him.

Gino Gaspari got his clothes back. When they had found another man to replace the dead hangman, Gino Gaspari was again led out to the yard and hung, in his clothes, he was hanged. This time there was no mistake.

The record does not show whether the substitute hangman took advantage of his right to the dead man's clothes. Chances are that he was willing to forgo this pleasure.



"All I know is your wife never did asked us to meet."



THE RISE AND FALL of JOHN MONTAGUE

A golfer who could beat champions wouldn't take up golf—for good reason.

SCRATCH your memory for a moment, remember the name John Montague, of the golfing Montaguas? He's the fellow who, about ten years ago, made world Press headlines for a series of shots that earned him the reputation of being the most sensational golfer of all time.

Montague's habitat, you may remember, was that great factory of stardom, Hollywood. He was an amateur, on and off the golf course, of Bing Crosby and half a dozen other film city luminaries, and because of his association with people whose success depended to some extent on the imagination of their Press agents, golfers outside California

were inclined to discount stories of Montague's prowess.

He had defeated one of the State's best amateurs, using only a rake, a shovel, and a baseball bat; he had won a \$230 bet by driving a ball three-quarters of a mile in five days; he had taken an and defeated some of America's best pros; he had played 30 successive rounds of 67 or under. . . . these were some of the stories that currently circulated about the golfing phenomenon.

If these stories were fact, asked cynics, why did not Montague move into the real professional tournaments, instead of making a living by taking out frank bets? Why did he studiously avoid the publicity which,

as a sporting freak, was his inevitable due? Why did he once go as a camera from a photographer, smash it, and hand the photographer \$25 as damages?

This latter action supplied the reason for Montague's apparent modesty, for the photographer, a quick-thinking gentleman, quickly peeked the plot and sent the result to a national magazine.

Soon after this event, the *Gleaner* of California received caustic correspondence from the New York police.

"This man," it was charged, "is believed to have held up a roadhouse near Jay, New York, on August 4, 1935, brutally slugging the aged proprietor and taking \$500 dollars. Three of the bandits were caught during the chase when their car overturned. One was killed, and two were given jail sentences."

"The fourth, allegedly Laverne Moore, escaped, and is believed to be John Montague."

The impact on Montague's Hollywood friends was terrific. Bing Crosby, for one, found the charge incredible, and said publicly that he had known Montague for five years, and had never known him to behave other than as a gentleman, and that Hollywood still accepted him as an upright man. Crosby was one of a number of film stars who offered to put up bail to my amount.

But Montague, in spite of all offers of aid, went to New York to face the charges. Evidence against him was heavy: in 1937, he had been convicted of petty larceny, and in the overturned car of the hold-up incident, had been found a photograph of Laverne Moore, a set of golf clubs, and press cuttings praising his ability

as a baseballer of some merit.

Moore, it appeared, had been an outstanding athlete at school, and the authorities had long suspected that if he were to be caught, it would be because he had turned to professional sport for a living.

Released on \$3000 bail, he was told by the judge:

"We have a rather unique situation here. On one hand, we have a picture of vicious crime. Then we have a picture of a reformed man who left town, turned over a new leaf, and built himself up morally till he became a respected member of society."

"You have been accused, not for the purpose of persecution, but in order that you may be prosecuted in a decent and humane manner for the crime you have been charged with."

To friends, now, Montague confided that he had begun his phenomenal golfing career in Florida, but published stories of his skill had forced him to leave there and work in the Nevada goldfields, where he had struck a rich. He turned up in Hollywood in 1932 and his golfing ability earned him the friendship of many notable.

His appearance, however, had been confined to the film city, and the outside world, still suspicious of the authenticity of his legendary feats, heard with some satisfaction that he would, while on bail, play a friendly golf match with Greentree Rae, Clarence Badgeron, Kelland, and the famous professional golfer, Alex Morrison.

It was an occasion for which the cynics had been waiting. Now, for the first time, it would be possible

to gauge Montague's skill as a golfer; the opportunity, too, to prove that the fabulous tales that had come out of Hollywood were as synthetic as the manufactured stories about film heroes and heroines.

Those who had defended Montague against the charges felt a good deal of pain. After all, they said, Montague was suffering a great mental strain, and under similar circumstances, it was probable that the country's best-known golfers would crack up.

The match took place at the North Hempstead Country Club, New York City. To the gallery was attracted some of the city's most famous people—including a few whose duty it might later be to escort Montague to the penitentiary.

How would Montague react to all this? He indicated his reaction at the first tee, when he sent his ball winging straight and true towards the pin 300 yards away. Thereafter, he was none off the line, and finished the round with a truly remarkable 63, five strokes under par.

Montague had answered his critics and lived up to his reputation as a golfing freak. Here was a man who might easily supplant Bobby Jones as the greatest golfer who ever swung a club, who might even equal Jones' epic "grand slam" of 1913, in which the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open had fallen to the master.

No one questioned his ability to perform the feat, but in accomplishment might be forestalled by two eventualities: first, it was known that Montague had made his living by betting on his sporadic forlorn attempts at golf; and secondly, it was known that he could conceivably

be rated a professional; and, secondly, when these events were being fought out, he might be in jail.

Montague's trial was eagerly awaited by sensation-loving Americans, and when the day came, the gallery was so jam-packed as it had been, a few weeks before, in a vastly different place.

Five hours after the jury retired, it returned with the verdict:

"Not guilty."

Public attention was behind the verdict, and Montague returned to Hollywood as an idol whose feet had been wiped free of clay.

Now, he could enter in all the important tournaments to clinch his place as the greatest golfer in history. He was reported to have been offered an exceptional film contract, and to have rejected it. But Montague played little golf, and, proving the fallibility of public opinion, found at last the serenity he had always sought.

After two years, he came from obscurity to enter the National Open—and returned a first round score of 53, after which he retired from the field. Perhaps he preferred to remain in obscurity, and had taken advantage of the Open to ensure that he would; or maybe, he was suffering from a psychological disarrangement that prevented him from regaining his spectacular golfing greatness.

Golf records books do not include the name, John Montague. But to those who saw him at his best, among them Bing Crosby, Montague will probably be remembered as the man whom Fate robbed of sporting immortality. It is rarely given to any man to be unbelievably good—especially at golf.



"But let me have that book—there's a P.S."



CHINESE PIRATES TODAY

Pirates still talk the news that makes a ship easy prey of yellow Vikings.

THERE has been a resurgence of piracy on the China Coast. After a lull in spectacular seaborne piracy once again have attacked a steamer, this time the Dutchman Van Heerde.

As long as the China Coast has been known to white men it has had its pirates.

During the war the pirates moved out of their rookeries Bas Bay, 50 miles east of Hongkong. Now they have shifted back. While the bay and the surrounding territory form their hide-out, their field of reconnaissance is Hongkong with its Victoria. Creeping beneath the shadows of The Peak, its Victoria Harbour and Kowloon with its ligger docks below the blue and often mist enshrouded hills (the Nine Dragons).

Anywhere in these localities you

may meet a pirate and never know.

The pirates move everywhere, always on the alert for a likely ship to plunder. They move into the city and send out their scouts. The ship-ping community cannot detect them among the hundreds of thousands in the city. They drink, talk and behave the same as their cash-brokers and low-shedding companions. All the time they are scheming, plotting, watching with Oriental cunning for a weakness in the port's anti-piracy measures.

They are patient. They may wait a year for a likely ship before they strike. When they do attack they adopt general tactics that rarely vary.

Usually a band of about 20 board the selected vessel as passengers. When well out at sea they draw re-

volvers and first hold up the bridge and capture the wireless room, to gain control of the ship quickly and stop radio messages calling for assistance. Once assured that no signals have gone out, they run through the ship and set to work to plunder cargo and passengers.

The attack upon the 4550-ton Dutch steamer Van Heerde last year was by far the most daring since the end of the war. The Van Heerde had been carrying an armed guard of 12 Dutch soldiers on every voyage up the China Coast. In December it departed with the guards because the coast seemed quiet.

The pirate spots picked up the steamer.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the van Heerde was 80 miles east of Hongkong, bound for Swatow, the pirates came. There were 25 of them booked as stowage passengers. They had revolvers and sub-machine guns loaded as cargo. The passengers woke from their mid-afternoon nap to discover that the pirates had control.

The officers found themselves looking down the business ends of revolvers. They were herded into two cabins, closely guarded. The crew of 100 were forced into their quarters.

The pirate chief and his leading lieutenants went to the captain's cabin, drank his liquor and smoked their own opium. While this party was in progress the pirates robbed passengers of valuables and unsuited baggage. The 1600 Chinese passengers were plundered methodically.

At dawn the pirates sighted a passing junk and stopped it by firing a shot across its bow. It was ordered alongside the gangway. With revolvers dug into their belts the Chi-

nese who were wealthy enough to be seen were taken aboard the junk. Pirates followed with valuables, including money and jewelry, diamonds and bakens and bones. The booty was estimated to be worth \$150,000 in Australian currency.

Some pirates remained on the Van Heerde after the junk departed. Captains Vlek and Mr. Alma with six of their seamen were told to get into one of the lifeboats and row themselves ashore. The pirates lowered the ship's motor boat, overtook the lifeboat, and having changed their minds about holding the ship's people to ransom, unmoored them and rowed back to their ship. Then they left.

The Van Heerde went on her way, the radio conveying the news to Hongkong. When she arrived in the port the Hongkong police were waiting for her, and they began a most difficult investigation.

No information came through to Hongkong as to the identity of the pirates. There was, however, one clue. The only European passenger, Mr. G. Collins, who had spent some time in Singapore, suggested one of the Chinese accidents as a man he had seen there.

It is generally agreed that the gang composed of Bas Bay men.

In a few other pirates have been tried. One of the most terrible victims was that of the British steamer Sumatra, 2555 tons gross, a high mark of peaceful abduction. In 1923, on her way from Hongkong to Keelown, she was attacked by pirates disguised as passengers.

Without warning they fired on and seriously wounded Captain McKenna and his chief officers. One Sikh guard was wounded and the other

two overpowered. Then the pirates looted the ship and escaped.

A second attack was made on the *Sunning* in November, 1936, while she was bound from Amoy to Hongkong. The pirates shipped a particularly strong board and their plans reached a high pitch of efficiency. They dropped into their key positions like well-drilled soldiers. They worked so well that they had a bloodless capture.

Succes made them careless.

Six Europeans, most of them ship's officers, and a Russian woman, were locked in the chief officer's cabin for the night. The men found two revolvers and some ammunition in a drawer.

While they were planning to challenge the pirates Captain Pringle and Chief Officer Thomas Beatty were navigating the ship towards Blue Bay under threat of death. One of the landing trucks on the coast at Ching Point, Beatty suddenly pointed into the darkness.

"There's Ching Point!" he exclaimed.

"How, have a look for yourself!" he said.

The pirates took the innocents, lifted them to his eyes and his companion stood by him. While they were standing there Beatty felt around and his hand reached the drop-in lid. With a hefty blow he killed one of them and the two overpowered the second.

They had two revolvers and 150 rounds of ammunition. A third Chinese climbed up the bridge ladder. He was shot at point blank range and killed. The sound of the shot raised the alarm. Time after time the Chinese rushed the bridge. Fire from the

officers drove them back quickly.

The pirates set fire to the superstructure in the hope of smothering out the defenders. As soon as the pirates moved across the men on the bridge were joined by the party from the cabin with their two weapons and ammunition. A handful of white men, lightly armed in smoking coats, were confronting 40 well armed and desperate Chinese.

Captain Pringle made his way forward and dropped one anchor. This brought the *Sunning's* bow around to the wind and drove the *Burns* down upon the pirates crumpled aft.

Defeated, the pirates lowered two of the lifeboats aft and as many as could scrambled into them and escaped. The burning superstructure attracted the attention of passing ships. The *Sunning's* radio brought the British sloop *Blackbell* at full speed. The fire was controlled. Nine of the pirates were captured and hanged in Hongkong.

Even as the war was ending, the pirates were active. One Chinese merchant proudly told officers of the British Pacific Fleet that steamed in and landed Hongkong at the end of August, 1945, that he could supply the warships with some fresh vegetables. Using a motor boat, he guaranteed successfully to run the gauntlet of the pirates from Macao, along the coast, a couple of tons a week.

Beyond doubt, while the hunt goes on for the Van Heuten pirates, they are still robbing junks—and back in Hongkong they have their screens watching, scheming, waiting for a chance to repeat their assault. They will be patient; they find it profitable.



"Now without a penny when I started. Now look, I have an overdraft of ten thousand, I own houses twenty thousand and my manufacturing twelve thousand."

Curved to catch the Sunshine



Of the many plans that have been used for building small homes, very few have been able to combine new features with practicality. It may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, but it still seems possible on occasion to combine old features and old forms into something that is refreshingly different.

Cavalcade's home designer has developed a new type of plan under the title of "the Radius Sunshine House." Two plans for this type of house constitute Cavalcade's Home of To-day No. 42.

The house faces into the sun, and is designed on a curve, which assures that the maximum amount of sunshine is trapped as the sun follows its natural course.

The layout naturally calls for a modern type of treatment and the house looks best with a flat or low pitched roof and wide eaves. On the perspective sketch the eaves are discontinued around the living room, and a dramatic appearance is thus achieved.

Designed for a two-bedroom home, the Radius Sunshine plan can be extended to almost unlimited extent. It can be placed on

THE HOME OF TO-DAY [No. 42]

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.





almost any position on the block of land, the compass points being the main factor in determining the siting. The first plan shows the entrance door opening from a small covered porch into a hall which leads to the bedrooms and the bathroom. In the second plan the entrance door leads directly into the living room, with a screen, composed of a low cabinet on which flowers could be placed, providing desired privacy.

Each bedroom is fitted up with a built-in wardrobe and dressing table, and there is also ample linen storage. The bathroom is conveniently placed in relation to the bedrooms, is modern in its fittings, and has a separate shower recess. The kitchen is completely fitted up, the equipment including a modern washing machine. Service from the kitchen is direct to the dining portion of the living room.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house to best advantage is 66-ft. The building cost at the rate of £200 per square would be £2800.



SNUG, COSY AND WATERPROOF WITH "ABERDEEN" "CLIMATE CONTROL" BLINDS

A SPARE ROOM is one the whole you can't sleep out don't stay, warm and cosy! "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds, can change your verandah into a snug, comfortable and attractive room.

The unique magic of "Aberdeen" gives a room glow that brightens up those dark corners. "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds are made from processed fadeless, waterproof ducts, in a wide variety of coloured stripes to harmonise with your favourite decorative scheme.

Your nearest "Aberdeen" dealer will gladly assist you with your planning—will give you estimates and free advice on suitable designs and colour schemes.

You will be eager to put your ideas to work, transforming your verandah into a livable, bright nook. Samples of "Aberdeen" exclusive designs gladly posted.

Aberdeen

★ A book drop of about 100,000 copies of "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds is available in the verandah room—open 10.30 to 5.00 p.m.

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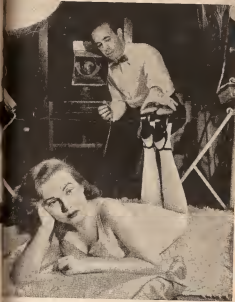
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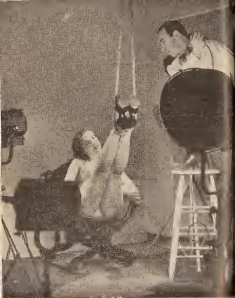
Cavalade's Picture Story

Glamour GAMS

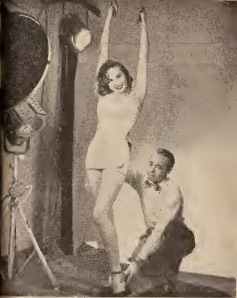
LEGS aren't just something to walk on. That part of a girl between the feet and the hips has become a major item of civilization, the business of making legs beautiful and keeping them covered is a big-money industry, deserving advertising. Advertising in turn demands beautiful legs, and men to photograph them. The model wishes the stockings she's going to pose in were hers for keeps.



PHOTOGRAPHER FAKAS is only interested in photographs of the lady's legs, and down this time. He doesn't care how bored she looks. For his specialty photographs of legs, even more rarely photographs of faces. He has a reputation for giving more and better leg pictures than any other photographer going. He has glamour into legs.



THIS POSE would be almost impossible without the supporting string. If you doubt it, get your legs up there and try to "hold it." Ferlie uses every possible device to get the correct shape of beautiful feet, says women who cross their knees (distort a nicely-shaped leg)



AGAIN, artificial aids just outside the picture. Discomfort to the model would hinder the work—Ferlie wants the weight off her legs so that he can get exactly the right line into the pose. All he actually wants to photograph is stocking-foot down, which seems a pity!



NOTHING BUT BLOOD rushes to the head of a glamsar model. The lovely legs that will finally appear in the advertisement will be anonymous, bodyless, faceless. Nobody's ever going to know that the model stood on his head to get the picture right. Acrobats with infinite patience make the best models for this sort of thing.



ZOLTAN PARKAS, the leg specialist photographer, doesn't take just any old model, even if she's an acrobat. Most of us might be content with any of the legs in this picture. But Parkas is fussy and right now is deciding which of the three pairs will give him the best picture and some other stocking the best advertisement.



Study by Royce

Repeat Performance

A tune
That rings on echo to the soul,
And June
With stormy nights and crisp cold days,
A man and girl with but a single goal,
A cozy den, and then,
The old, old ways
Of man and maid
(However sad they be)
Repeat the ancient story of the world
"It's nice of you to visit me,"
Says she
Cuddling, leaning on a sofa curled
He moves to take her in his arms
She slips
Aside, and makes a little modest play
And smiles at his provolous designs
With lips
That shyly urge him on to loving gay,
And then allows a fleeting kiss
"Please stop,
To me—rather will be home soon," he hears her say
He stayed to tea
And did the things he should—
The things she meant him to. She made him say
"I will" in the right places. She was good
Too good for him
He snail her every when,
So she had all she asked, and sometimes more.
Nothing to long for (right) far, but a grim
Desire for life not to be quite a bore
Then in her cozy den
Again in June,
A tune
That rings on echo from the soul
Sworn from the audio there was a man
And night had made her eager for her goal
And she
Had happily prepared for him his tea,
And made him comfortable, bold to say,
"Do stay,
"I'll enjoy the minutes with you." He
Relaxed himself. The old, old man-and-maid way
Was there to tread instead,
Upon the chair,
She purred his cat, and with his hair made play,
And crooned her happiness that he was there
"A pity, too," she said, "that we can't stay
Alone—
In half an hour my husband's coming home!"

MORRIS McLEOD



NIGHT SONG

STORY OF THE
PHOTOPLAY
STARRING DANA
ANDREWS AND
MERLE OBERON.
PRODUCED BY

JOHN CROMWELL AND RELEASED
BY R. K. O. RADIO PICTURES.
ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.



CATHY, ACCOMPANIED BY
THREE FRIENDS VISITS THE
CHIC HANGAR NIGHT CLUB
"ISN'T IT CUTE, PASKY COME,
BUT BRUNETTE CATHY ISN'T
IMPRESSED" -----

HERE I BEGIN TO LIVE



-- UNTIL SHE HEARS THE
PIANIST AND DECIDES TO
GO AND SPEAK TO HIM



EMBITTERED DAN TELLS HER
"I'M AN EXHIBIT I'M THE
BLIND PIANIST AROUND
HERE IT'S A SENSIBLE PIANO
DEEPLY TOUCHED, CATHY
TRIES TO BE FRIENDLY

LIGHT ME A TORCH, CHUM--



CATHY'S GUARDIAN-AUNT
WILLEY REALIZES CATHY
HAS SOMETHING ON HER
MIND, AND, ALTHOUGH
CATHY REFUSES TO TALK,
AUNT WILLEY REALIZES
THE TRUTH, THAT THE
GIRL IS IN LOVE ---

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED
TO YOU ---



CHICK, FRIEND OF THE BLIND
PIANIST, DAN, TELLS CATHY
TO LEAVE THE MAN ALONE
REALIZING SHE IS LOSING
OUT, CATHY LEAVES



CHICK TRIES TO BREAK
DOWN DAN'S BITTERNESS
ABOUT HIS BLINDNESS,
DECIDES CATHY "BLUE
EYES AND RED NAILS --
CHARACTER, TOO," HE SAYS

YOU'RE BLIND BUT
SCHUBERT'S DEAD!



"IF CRITICISM OF THE GIRL
UPSET'S DAN MORE THAN
EVER HE COMPLAINS THAT
BLINDNESS IS STOPPING
HIS COMPOSING, BUT CHICK
KNOWS THAT DAN JUST
LACKS INCENTIVE



CATHY FEELS SHE WANTS
TO HELP THE BLIND
PIANIST -----

RATHER WANTED TO WRITE
MUSIC, BUT ALL HE DO
WAS MAKE A MILLION
DOLLARS!



CATHY, LEARNING THAT DAN AND CHICK HAVE GONE TO THE BEACH, GOES TOO, MEETS THEM THERE, AND GIVES HER NAME AS MARY WILLEY-----



MARY PRETENDS TO BE BLIND, IN ORDER TO WIN DAN'S CONFIDENCE---

YOU MAY BE HOLDING OUT YOUR HAND BUT I CAN'T SEE IT--



PRETENDING SHE, TOO, IS BLIND AND MUSICAL, THE GIRL TELLS TO TALK ABOUT DAN'S MUSIC-----

I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU PLAY SOMETHING---



I DON'T PLAY, ANYMORE

AS CHICK COMES BACK MARY MAKES A BID TO BREAK DAN'S CYNICISM-----

I WISH YOU'D TEACH ME TO PLAY---



YOU MUST USE BRING AROUND BLIND PEOPLE-- I DON'T?

MARY TELLS CHICK THAT SHE IS PRETENDING TO BE POOR AND BLIND AND MUSICAL, HOPING TO INSURE DAN TO CONTINUE WITH HIS MUSIC--

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT?



THE FIRST ROUND IN THE BATTLE FOR DAN'S REHABILITATION IS WON WHEN HE ACCEPTS AN INVITATION TO MARY'S POOR LODGING-----



"Dad uses Mobiloil, too"

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

AS THEY TALK OF WHAT THEY REMEMBER SEEING BEFORE THEY WENT BLIND DAN EXPLAINS THAT HE CANNOT WRITE MUSIC BECAUSE HE CANNOT SEE ANYTHING, CANNOT GET IDEAS.....



MARY PLAYS PIANO WHILE VISITING DAN'S FLAT - HE HAS A SLIGHT INTEREST IN HIM..

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN BLIND ? SINCE MY CHILDHOOD..



GETTING A NEW IDEA FROM SOMETHING MARY HAS SAID TO HIM, DAN WRITES A PIECE OF MUSIC. CHICK IS DELIGHTED THAT HIS BLIND FRIEND IS TRYING TO COMPOSE AGAIN....



HEARING THAT DAN HAS TRIED TO WRITE MUSIC, MARY WANTS TO HELP FURTHER.....

COULDN'T HIS SIGHT POSSIBLY BE RESTORED ?



CHICK EXPLAINS THAT AN EXPENSIVE OPERATION MIGHT GIVE DAN BACK HIS SIGHT. THEY TRY TO DEVISE A MEANS OF PAYING FOR DAN, WHO WOULDN'T ACCEPT CHARITY.



MARY DECIDES, UNDER HER OWN NAME OF CATHERINE MALLORY, TO USE SOME OF HER WEALTH TO OFFER A MUSICAL PRIZE



Breks
THE BETTER
SPORTS TROUSER



THE BROAD
- 4 POUNDS



**SELF-SUPPORTING
SPORTS TROUSERS**

No elastic to pull in or pinch

THE IDEAL TROUSER FOR ALL SPORTS



For long drinks

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Shake well



TELLING DAN ABOUT THE
COMPETITION, THEY TRY TO
INDUCE HIM TO ENTER --
HE REFUSES -----



THAT NIGHT DAN DOESN'T GO
TO BED. HE SITS AT HIS PIANO
TRYING TO WRITE MORE MUSIC



DAN HITS THE IDEA TO GO
AHEAD WITH HIS MUSIC, PLAYS
IT OVER TO CHICK, WHO IS
ENTHUSIASTIC -----



THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY
WORK, DAN COMPOSING
THE MUSIC ON THE PIANO
CHICK WRITING IT DOWN FOR HIM



DAN, WITH CHICK'S HELP
COMPLETES HIS ENTRY FOR THE
COMPETITION. MARY EXCITEDLY
LOOKS AT THE MANUSCRIPT



WITH THE MANUSCRIPT COM-
PLETED, CHICK IS WORRIED
IN CASE IT DOESN'T WIN --



HAVING WRITTEN MUSIC AGAIN, DAN IS HAPPY, COBB FISHING WITH HIS FRIENDS.



DAN, LOSING HIS CYNICISM, AND HAPPY IN HIS MIND, ACKNOWLEDGES HIS DEBT TO MARY, AND THANKS HER FOR HELPING HIM BACK TO HAPPINESS ~ ~ ~

I'M SAYING THANKS ~ ~



THE OPERATION OVER CHICK PHONES FROM NEW YORK TO TELL CATY THAT IT IS SUCCESSFUL / DAN WILL SEE AGAIN.



IMPULSIVELY, MARY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF DAN'S BLINDNESS, HANDS HIM THE LARGE FISH SHE HAS CAUGHT, TELLS HIM IT IS HIS, TO CHEER HIM UP. ~ ~ ~



MARY WITS UNTIL, AFTER A CHRISTMAS CHURCH SERVICE, TO TELL DAN THAT HE HAS WON CATHERINE MALLORY'S CONTEST. HE NOW HAS THE MONEY FOR AN OPERATION TO RESTORE HIS SIGHT.



DAYS AND WEEKS PASS. TELEPHONE MESSAGES FROM CHICK ARE REASSURING, BUT DAN DOESN'T SEE. AN MARY FEARS THE OPERATION HAS FAILED, DECIDES TO FLY TO NEW YORK ~ ~ ~



EL DORADO IS NO FAKE!

You may think El Dorado is a myth, but this will prove you wrong!



In the ancient story, when adventures from Western Europe were carrying ships far their colors out of the New World, each of these adventures was applied by tales of El Dorado, a place of fabulous wealth.

Today, in the color of any proof story, you can find several El Dorados in America. There's one in California (and it's not Hollywood), Arizona, Illinois, and Kansas. However, all these places are far removed, in space and character, from the El Dorado sought by so many Europeans.

As a matter of fact, El Dorado was first thought to be the king or possessor of a South American tribe. He was believed to cover himself with gold dust in a religious festival, hence the name which is Spanish for "the gilded one." Long it was applied to a city called Muisca in Orissa. No proof existed that this city ever existed — if we ignore the verbal testimony of a gentleman named Morrey who claimed to have entered the city and to have been surrounded by "El Dorado" himself.

Contemporary historians do not record whether Morrey's sense of direction was

good, or whether he was too naive to share his discovery with others, but his story gives us a clue to the fabulous story.

Despite Morrey's "discovery," the search went on — and it is still continued by some people. El Dorado has led to original meanings, recently, and is now used generally to signify money. For money means success, that happy state of mind we all desire.

For many people, however, know that the El Dorado of money is a no-win-the-way version of Lady Luck. It is a reality at hand for every American who takes out a Life Assurance policy.

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(1841)



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CHICK TELLS CATHY, WHO HAS ARRIVED UNANNOUNCED, THAT DAN DOESN'T WANT TO GO BACK TO MARY, WHOM HE BELIEVES BLIND. HE WANTS NO MORE OF BLINDNESS.



CHICK INTRODUCES CATHY AS CATHERINE MALLORY, DAN'S BENEFACTOR, AND HE FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HER AS MARY WILLEY FROM HIS PAST----



CHICK WANTS TO GO BACK TO CALIFORNIA, TAKING DAN HOME TO MARY, BUT DAN REFUSES TO BE INTERESTED IN MARY--



HE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH CATHERINE MALLORY WANTS TO FORGET THE "BLIND" GIRL IN HIS PAST



CATHY IS DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED THAT DAN SHOULD HAVE LOST INTEREST IN THE BLIND GIRL, BUT STILL GLAD THAT NOW HE CAN SEE HER, HE LOVES HER-----



DAN'S PRIZE-WINNING CONCERTO HAS BEEN A BIG HIT. IT IS BILLED FOR CARNEGIE HALL. RUBINSTEIN HAS PROMISED TO PLAY IT!



TAKING A FERRY-RIDE BY NIGHT, DAN ADMITS HIS LOVE FOR CATHY --



STANDING BACK STAGE DAN HEARS HIS PRIZE-WINNING MUSIC PLAYED. HE REMEMBERS THE PART "BLIND" MARY PLAYED WHILE HE WAS WRITING IT --



REALISATION OF THE PART MARY HAS PLAYED IS BROKEN BY LOUD APPLAUSE AS THE CONCERTO FINISHES, BUT HE WAS RESOLVED TO GO BACK TO THE "BLIND" GIRL --



TAKE A MESSAGE TO CATHY -- TELL HER I'VE GONE BACK TO THE BLIND GIRL --



CHICK TELLS CATHY THAT HE AND DAN ARE GOING BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO TO FIND THE BLIND GIRL. SHE IS OVERJOYED THAT DAN REALISES HIS OBLIGATION TO HER.



CATHY FLIES BACK TO THE FLAT WHERE SHE LIVED AS "BLIND" MARY IS WAITING FOR DAN WHEN HE COMES.



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that
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you
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be
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THE ROAD



ROAD to JERICHO

There was a big break-out day. The Australian was held to hostage in the desert

★ CEDRIC MENTIFLAY

"BUT why on earth, man, must you go to Jericho? It's—it's not a place any more."

The colonel stopped his hands down on the table with a frown that made the glasses dance.

Tony Battray sighed and twined his glass.

"You forget, sir, that Australia is where I came from, Jerusalem is where I am, and Jericho is a matter of twenty-four miles over the Moors."

of Olives. I'm about the last Aussie in the Middle East. I've finished my job with the disposal people, and I've wrangled a bit of leave in Palestine to revisit some of the spots I knew in 'forty-one. Jericho is on my list."

"You make it sound so damned easy." The colonel was plainly tired of arguing, but made a last appeal to reason. "Now I ask you, my boy, to look about you. What do you see?"

Tony glanced around the room. The wide ornate lounge of the King David Hotel had become familiar to him during the past few days, but he had to admit that it had its unusual features.

Through the discreet gloom that veiled the southern wall he could make out the roughness of raw plank-ing covering shattered windows. In one corner the plaster had peeled away. Naked brick showed unconspicuously in the midst of a desert oasis.

"The year is 1944," explained the colonel carefully. "The damage you see in this room is the result of siege. There are other rooms like this, scattered through this besieged country. All Palestine is an armed camp—and we want to go to Jericho! You know they caught young Moshe Hershmann red-handed after that man was blown up, and you know he's been condemned to death. The Irgun Zvi Leumi and the Hagannah have threatened that his execution will touch off a mass of bloodshed throughout the Holy Land. It's quiet now, all right—but it won't be after the tripod falls at dawn tomorrow."

Tony leaned forward. "All right, that means I go today. I can be

back again tonight, and no harm done."

The colonel closed his eyes and shuddered.

"So you're going, eh? Thought you would."

"Glad you see it my way," said Tony, jumping to his feet. "See you tonight."

"What?" The colonel was regarding him with cold blue English eyes. "You will not go by car or bus, because there won't be any—and you won't go unarméd, because in that uniform and alone you're an answer to a freedomer's dream. My jeep is in the park outside. Here are the keys. There's a Thompson-gun behind the driver's seat."

This conversation kept recurring to Tony as he paced the lively beds across out through the Nebbiu gate and ran along outside the northern wall of Jerusalem towards Gethsemane.

Here and there he passed infantry sections of British troops moving with a measured lack of haste about their tasks. The men twinkled meaningfully on their bayonets, and struck sparks from the fuses, barbed-wire of the sand-blocks they guarded.

Then the road gaped white and empty before him—the road through the wilderness to the parched origins of the Dead Sea lands. He stared hollowly slenderly for a fool. What did it matter if he went back without seeing old Abi Hassan? The oldascal had probably forgotten him anyway.

Within a few minutes it was as if he were running alone among the mountains of the mass. His heart leapt with relief when he saw crutch lines and gasping cut cleanly into

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the road ground. He looked for troops, and cursed again when he realised that the fortifications were those dug by Allenby's men more than thirty years before and preserved without remark in the dry air.

Suddenly before him was a dry stream-bed, spanned by a bridge. He eased his pace, slipped into second gear—and saw squarely in the middle of the bridge an oblong gap exposing the grey girth of girders. A yard of planking had been taken out.

Tarred boulders on all sides gave excellent cover for snipers. He whipped the lever into reverse, shot the little car backwards towards the roadside so that the wheels shouldoid wheel in the dirt. If he could only get her round, get out of here, get moving.

A star cracked open on his wind-shield, blowing a froth of glass splinters which smog his face. The jeep was broadside on to the road. Another swing was necessary, and time had run out. It was too late.

Grabbing the Tommy-gun, he rolled out of the jeep and dived for the roadside. Something fished across his chest, and pain sprang out like the sting of a branding-iron. He stumbled, tripped, and crashed heavily down into a shallow ditch cut by old floodwaters between the roadbed and the solid rock.

Gasping, he lay for a moment where he had fallen. Exploring fingers established that the wound was a deep diagonal gash; as a wound it was light enough, but it was costing him blood.

He cursed himself. Nothing moved. They were making sure, eh? Well, they'd better be careful.

He inspected the Tommy-gun,

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worked the action back and forth, and fired a new clip. There were five twenty-round magazines in all, including four in a canvas bandolier slung to the belt.

Long motions in the dusk he awaited developments. It seemed an age before anything happened. Then, as if a hot eddy had suddenly crystallized, a figure appeared in the roadway beyond the bridge. It came on slowly, a man in flowing Arab garments with rifle poised.

Scarcely moving, Tony flicked up the Lyman sight of the Tommy-gun and adjusted it to three hundred yards. A long shot for the little gasp-gun weapon.

The Arab looked straight at him. Bracing himself against the coachbox, Tony whipped up the Tommy-gun, clamped his fingers firmly around the pistol grips, and pressed the butt as to his aching shoulder. Through the aperture he saw the Arab halt, saw the rifle spring up, level itself. Then quite coolly, as if giving a demonstration to recruits, he aimed off his target to allow for torque, held his breath, and squeezed the trigger.

The Tommy-gun hummed briefly. An invisible fist struck the Arab once, again, smacking him back against the girdles. Suddenly he was a tangled heap of old clothing on the planking. Then from hillside-dozen points among the boulders came the flashes of rifle fire, and Tony was hugging the stony bottom of the depression.

He slid the sight up to the transverse, fired a fresh magazine, and resumed his vigil. A man might as well go out trying.

A sharp sound behind him caused him to turn. He saw a small stone

roll downwards from the lip of some sort of a trench on the hillside above him and perhaps fifty yards away. Surely there was nobody there? Shaking his dazed thought. If one of the gang had been posted there the show would have been over long ago.

He turned again to watch the boulder. Two Arabs were in plain view, striding for the cover of an outcrop high on the flank. He threw up his weapons, fired a long, waiting burst that ended with an empty chamber.

He stepped in another clip, rose to his knees—and paused petrified as a machine-gun detached behind him. He turned. The bell muzzle and tripod of a Bren showed over the trench parapet. It was firing in easy measured bursts of five, smooth and controlled—and his line of sight was far over his head.

The flanking outcrop was spitting dust in neat groups. Then a head shot up from behind it, and a dark form in a flowing galaback speeded down the hillside.

Movement far off to the left caught Tony's eye. Covered by the fire of the Bren, two khaki-clad figures sprinted across the scrubland and went to ground. The solitary defender of the outcrop probably never realized the action of the new threat. A single shot rang out as the Bren ceased fire, and something called limply from the Arab position.

A voice from the trench above him said slowly, "Come now. We cover you. Now!"

As he scrambled upwards the Bren opened again on the boulders above the bridge. He dropped into the trench to find it occupied by two men in faded khaki dress.

"A heel blister!
Just my luck"

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"Good old Tommy," murmured Tony, and let the battle go as weakness and reaction claimed him.

"You will come to the chaf?"

Tony blinked. Battle-dress covered a multitude of necessities, but this was Palestine, and the war three years over.

"I say, thanks a lot, Dig," he replied. "But who are you? You're not a Tommy. What's your outfit?"

The dark eyes flashed, and the jaw-encased overbush beneath the olive skin, "I belong to another army," and the man.

"But—the" battle-dress, and that job you just did?"

"You will come with us to our camp, Yacub. He will decide. There is a special reason."

The three proceeded slowly down the hillside until they were joined by four others, all armed and equipped as British soldiers. An empty Dodge eight hundredweight truck now stood beside the jeep, and the badge had been repaired. The Bren gunner grinned into the back seat of the jeep, which followed the truck at a fast clip down the road.

At length the vehicles swung off onto a side road, along which they travelled for perhaps five miles before easing themselves through scorching bushes into the mouth of a small wadi.

In the shadow, a man sat stooped over a table. The Bren gunner snapped a British salute, stepped forward, and addressed the man in a language unintelligible to Tony. The man replied shortly, rose to his feet as if very weary, and came out blinking into the late afternoon sunshine.

"And so, my friend, you are to be our guest?"

Tony was conscious of a pair of great dark eyes peering at him from a face the colour of weather-beaten mahogany, yet still his expression was one of mildness, of infinite patience, almost of suffering.

"Your guest? Surely I'm more like a captive."

The old man shrugged. He led the way under the evening again, and Tony collapsed gratefully into a folding chair. The old man sat behind the table opposite him.

"And now, so, do you mind telling me what this is all about?" demanded Tony.

The great eyes regarded him faintly. "It is very simple, my friend. We needed a British soldier, preferably an officer and an expert, so we had a trap. The Arabs you met were opportunists, as most Arabs are. Our men enjoyed their little skirmish, the Arabs are so sure—and we have our British officers."

"But—what's the point of that?"

"Pardon me, I should have introduced myself. My name is Yacub Huseinman."

"Huseinman?" Where had he heard that name before? He remembered. It was the name of the terrorist to be executed tomorrow morning!

The old man's voice was bitter. "The old man's voice was bitter. 'Moshe Huseinman—he is my son!'"

Tony looked dry lips.

"But—I'm an Australian, here on leave. I've got no part in this. What can I do?"

"When darkness falls a party will leave here for Jerusalem. They will bear proof to the British commander that you are our prisoner. If Moshe dies—you will not see another man!"

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do you drink liqueurs?

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REFERENCES

NOTES

415-416

The voice was earnest. Tom gulped.

"Believe me, I am sorry," he said mildly. "I do not believe in terrorism. Moshe was innocent, and the British chemists had trained him too well in the arts of war—but he is not now."

That was the end of the interview. The night crawled by with agonizing slowness. It was plain that the guards either knew no English or had been instructed to hold no conversation with him. His shoes were removed and his ankles were bound

The numbness which had followed the first revolver now gave way to a burning desire to make a break for it. He gripped the side of the stretcher and threw his weight against his bonds, but even that slight movement brought a click of steel from the darkness outside. The lamp pointed above his head revealed him all too plainly to the vigilante guards. Because that way was hopeless.

A light further down the walk caught his eye. A lamp was burning under the awning, and the scooped shadow of Yacub sprawled like a great black spider across the carpet.

The light with its brooding shadow had a hypnotic effect, for soon he fell into fugal slumber, in which Jews and Arabs floated before the sights of a Tommy-gun which persisted in peering at the crucial moment.

He awoke at first light, to find Yacub bending over him.

"Well, any news yet?" Tony strove to conceal the tremor in his voice.

"Nothing yet." The old man was pale beneath his tan, and dark shadows were etched deeply beneath his eyes. "If the message has not reached your commander, or if he has decided

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not to lend it, they will be making ready now. Maybe is a soldier—he won your Military Medal on the Somme when your cause was ours—he will conduct himself well."

Tony felt a great compassion for the old man. Somehow, he gained the impression that he was a member of a vast audience, watching a play in which he had no part.

"But why does all this have to be?" he asked. "Why do you people fight so hard for this lousy country? Look at it! Most of it wouldn't carry a sheep to a hundred acres!"

Yacub shook himself out of his overcoats to reply. "You are Australian, are you not? You fought for England when she needed you. Why? Your life is precious only to yourself and your people, and your country is on the other side of the world!"

"Yes, but England's our Old Country!" Tony felt himself floundering. "It's the Empire, and standing together, and—"

"But you would not live there?"

"No, can't say I would. My home's in Melbourne."

"My boy, we fight for Palestine because it is our country—the land of our people before they went out to wander the face of the earth. Now they are weary, and would return, so we must fight to make a place for them."

"Does that excuse your conduct in blowing up trains, wrecking buildings, killing the poor old Tammuz who are only trying to keep order?"

The old man frowned and threw up his hands. "I am against all that," he said. "It will bring us only hate and more hate."

"And my case? You will tell me in cold blood—in vengeance—for

something that is not my doing?"

He watched the old man closely, but even so was not prepared for the change that took place. The worried, nervous civilian of a sudden became a keen-eyed fighting man, a fanatic even, with the glint of madness in his fine eyes.

"You shall die if they do not heed my message—but not in vengeance. They must know they cannot ignore us! Yes—you are but a unit, a means to an end. There is no thought of vengeance. Please understand that!"

Tony looked up at the tortured face. Well, that was a straight answer, anyway. It was up to the British Commander now, for it was plain that this man would show no mercy. And yet, even now the old fellow looked so sincere, so mild in his shrewdness, so old in his shrewdness, so old in his shrewdness.

"I understand. Won't it somewhere round here that they used to pick out a nice fat goat, load it symbolically with all the sins of the tribe, and then heave it over a cliff? I hope that sort of pageant was of an understanding nature."

The old man stalked away. Slowly the morning advanced. Another meal was prepared and eaten, and the guards were changed. Then suddenly the watch was changed with tension. Two men in Arab dress appeared, and Yacub hobbled to meet them.

A long discussion ensued. The secret holder cut all over Tony's body. It was tense, one way or another. In a moment he would know.

Then Yacub was at his side, his lined face smiling, his eyes broadening and veiled. He shuffled as he walked, the weight of years and

being heavy upon him. For a long minute he gazed unseeing into Tony's face. His hand came into view, holding a long clasp-knife.

Tony gasped and winced unconsciously. The old Jew stooped over him, moving so very slowly that it seemed as if the motion would never break. Then he found what he was seeking. With one sure stroke he severed the bands about Tony's ankles.

"You may take your jeep and go now," he said solemnly.

"What?" Tony sprang up. His numb legs buckled beneath him and threw him back on the couch. Yacub still stood with the knife in his hand.

"You are free. Return to Jerusalem quickly. You need not fear the Irgun." The old man turned and shuffled away.

Tony, dazed at this sudden reprieve, looked at the old man, older now by ages, it seemed, as he walked in every line of his body. The spirit had gone out of him; he was a pa-

thetic moral shell, and Tony could not help feeling the pangs of it.

Tony rubbed the circulation back into his feet and started down the road.

He slipped into the jeep, started it up, and then was aware of a dark figure standing nearby. He cut the motor again and walked toward it where Yacub looked grimly down the road.

"Well, goodbye, sir," he said, holding out his hand. "I can't say I'm sorry to be going, but you people certainly kept your word. I—I'm glad they reprieved your son, and not just because he is doing so they saved my own life."

The old man did not see the outstretched hand. His eyes were fixed on the ragged hills of Judea.

"Last night the party had trouble," he said. "A British pocket caused delay. The message arrived in Jerusalem too late, for my son had already died. So, you see, you were not a hostage, after all."

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Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL:** Jane Herve is something of an enigmatic beauty, to coin a phrase, a very fetching and disconcerting addition to 20th-Century-Fox's line of entertainment. Already well-known for her work as well as her beauty, Jane might even be thought of a catalyst in all you the meaning of the name of her new film. It's "Double Happiness," which might be Spanish, Italian, or Balinese, but will probably be easy on look at, being it's giving Jane her space.

● **BETTER YET:** Down the way, under a cloak of secrecy, there's something cooking. It has to do, strongly enough, with ramping up CAVALCADE to a higher pitch of entertainment. We can't help it if the ratings (measuring all of you), were aware of this sort of thing, but we can help them get it. So watch for (a) extra pages (b) new features (c) more pictures (d) more colour pages (e) longer scenes and credits (f) more pop than ever (g) no extra charges 'What?

We don't believe this job we put into the facts. Our advertising is done slowly, by diligent readers, readers we hope.

● **PRaise:** The praise for our new strip-story of a forthcoming film is very positive. We forecast some months ago that she was going to be popular.

Isn't it nice to be able to guess, "We told you so?" This story is certainly a case. Of course, we know all along we were doing the right thing—and who are we to object if we have to put on more work to handle the two sets?

● **NEW:** Pleased to introduce three or four new names to the members of the amateur magazine on the bulletin. Ref. Haldie (1971), Bache (16), Noonan (20), Young (28) and Hane (42). Which doesn't make three or four, but five. Good fellows, too. Local boys such as me paid.

● **EXPERIENCE:** A different kind of experience is related by Herbert Grant Shaw (page 3) when she describes how two kinds of cold-dipos were face to face, and what was in a tropical pulse when pale and forehead was a common ground. Miss Giuseppe writes, and with every sense, that "this was one of the most fantastic experiences of my life, and strange as it may seem, every word of it is true just as I see it."

● **PIRATES:** There aren't any Pirates left in the world—on the shore! Pirates don't often say these days about "Mister man on a dead man's chest," either. They are scarce all the world coming they can think of, rarely where necessary, and have never said to coming this week. All is explained by knowledgeable writer Mervyn Kari on page 62.



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